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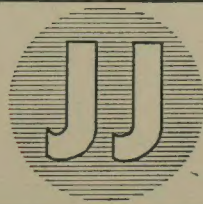
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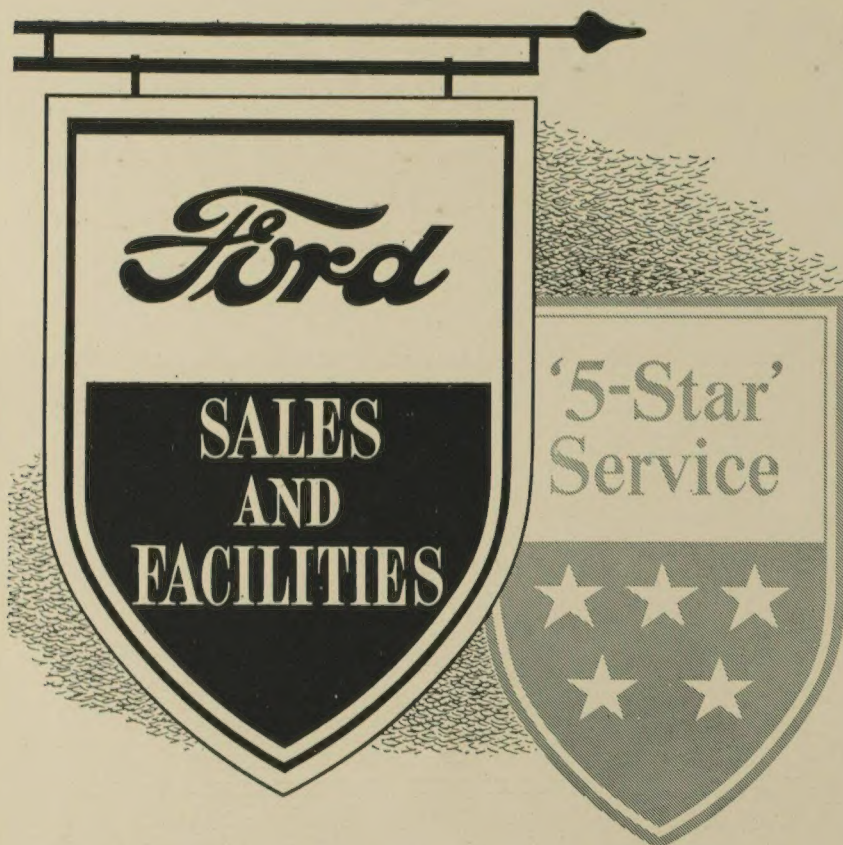
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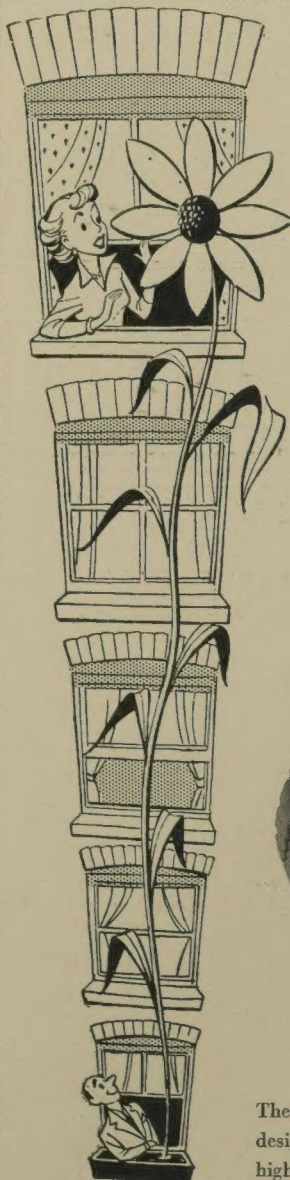


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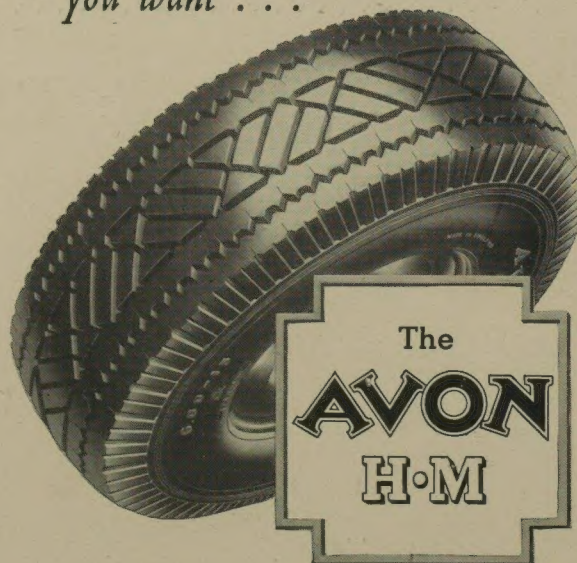
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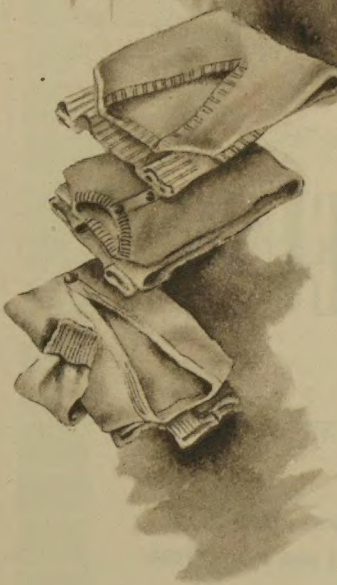
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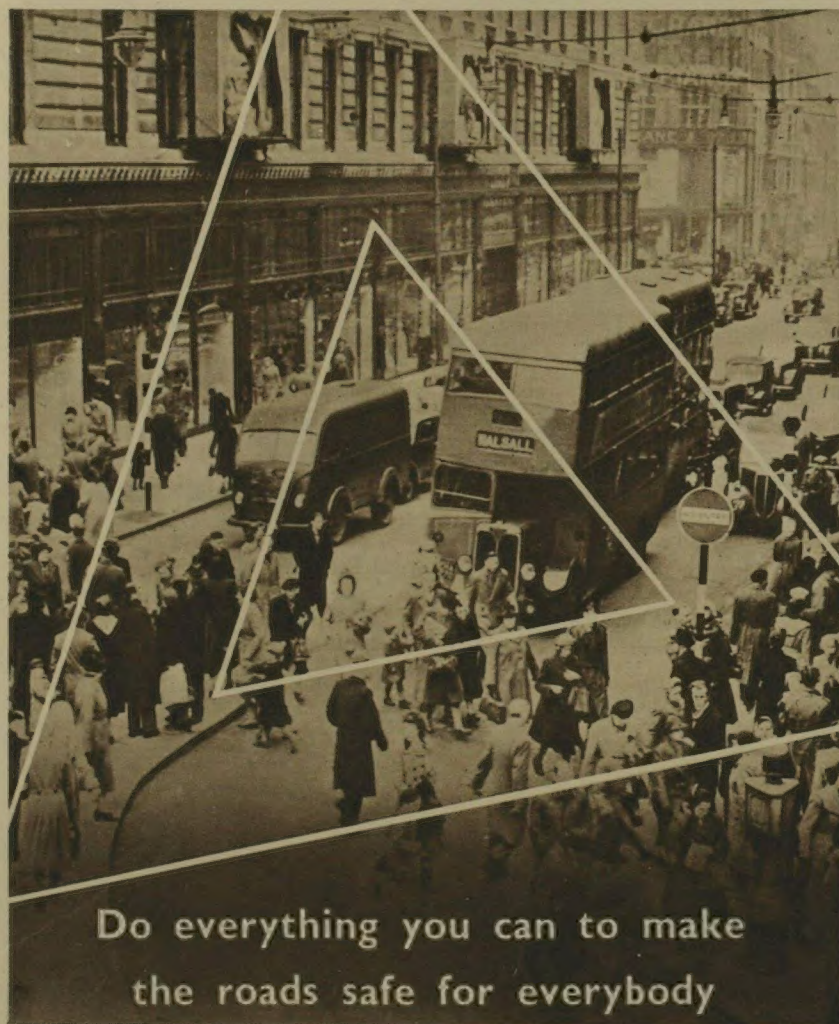
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1951.



ARRIVING TO TRAIN IN THE DEFENCE SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN: A SQUADRON OF AMERICA'S FASTEST FIGHTERS, F-86 SABRES, OVER SUFFOLK, WITH (BELOW) AN INDIVIDUAL SABRE ABOUT TO LAND.

On August 27 a squadron of twenty-five U.S. F-86 *Sabre* jet fighters landed at the former R.A.F. airfield at Shepherd's Grove, in East Anglia, having completed a flight across the Atlantic. This is the first squadron of three which have been posted to Britain on a training mission. As Major-General Johnson, Commanding the U.S. Third Air Force, said on welcoming the squadron, they are to work in close co-operation with the R.A.F. and would become familiar

with the fighter defence system in this country. Air Vice-Marshal Guest, welcoming the squadron on behalf of the R.A.F., said that Fighter Command would benefit by having high-performance American jet fighters in this country. Fighter Command, he said, was completely equipped with jet aircraft, but the production stage in this country of high-performance fighters such as the *Sabre* was yet to be reached.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LOVERS and praisers of time past, Cassandras prophesying calamity and other gloomy—and unpopular—persons are much given nowadays to deploring the decline of craftsmanship. Even the imperial bureaucracy in Whitehall, which has done so much to bring about that decay, has joined, I see, the gloomy chorus and warned us that, if such decline cannot be countered, our rearmament programme will founder. Knowing as a private individual something of the increasing difficulty of obtaining the services of, say, a really skilful and reasonably industrious cabinet-maker or upholsterer or motor mechanic, I can well believe there is substance in such a warning. But I would suggest that the gravest danger of all to our social well-being and way of life, including the decay of craftsmanship itself, comes from the decline in an even more important art than these: one without which almost any civilisation is certain in the end to crumble into confusion and anarchy. I refer to the art—the now discredited and almost forgotten art—of government. For the assumption that success in competitive examination or in winning the franchises of a popular electorate are adequate substitutes for this art has had deplorable consequences. We are seeing them at work in the world of international relationships to-day.

For government is an art—a very subtle and difficult one. I do not mean the issue and transmission of orders, whether autocratic or bureaucratic—this is a purely mechanical and elementary process—but the choice and promulgation of policies, by those who lead, of such a kind and in such a way as to ensure that they are willingly followed and obeyed. The English aristocracy and county gentry of the eighteenth century are often held up to derision by modern progressive thinkers, but they knew, if results are any criterion, far more about the art of government than their present-day successors. They had no regular Civil Service to transmit their orders, no police force to enforce them, but they secured such a degree of cohesion and intelligent and willing obedience from those they led—that is, from the rank and file of the nation—that they made their little Britain, with its 15,000,000 inhabitants, both the envy and arbiter of the world. They did not have to complain of the decay of craftsmanship or of absenteeism in mine or factory, or of popular lethargy in the face of national need or danger. They made many mistakes, some of them very grave ones—for, like us, they were human—but they played on the mind and conscience of the English as skilful violinists play on a great and sensitive instrument. And the tune they played—still writ large on the map of the world when I was a boy—was “Rule, Britannia!”—and not a bad rule, either!

We have changed all that with a vengeance. “Poor Cock Robin!” is the tune our modern rulers play, and the worse they play it, the higher the bill the taxpayer has to pay for their playing. Nor, though demagogues and clerks are ten a penny all the world over, is this country alone in the dearth it suffers of men trained for the highest and ultimate business of government. Even the mighty United States, the unchallenged leader of the Democratic West, is little or no better equipped in this respect than her poor relations and allies. Indeed, so poverty-stricken is she in men trained for leadership that she seems very largely to have handed the day-by-day control of her relationships with other countries over to her generals and admirals. They appear to be almost the only trained leaders she possesses.

And these, unhappily, though they have proved themselves remarkably successful in war and second only in their art to our own generals and admirals—probably to-day the best trained higher-grade technicians in the world—have had little or no training for the conduct of international relationships in peace. Their formula for diplomacy—sometimes one despairingly suspects their only formula—appears to be what Hollywood gangsters are supposed to be: tough. This, let me say at once, is something; but, as Edith Cavell said of patriotism, it is not enough. After the kind of loose and unrealistic humanitarian sentimentalism so often indulged in by modern party politicians in their conduct of international affairs, a little toughness does not come amiss, particularly in dealing with oriental peoples, including, one must add, our allies, the Russians, who, though we

used until lately to forget the fact, are at heart an oriental people. But there is a limit, a very marked limit, to where toughness can get one. It can get one into a rough house, and it can, provided one has the force to back it, get one into a position, usually temporary, of complete and tyrannical ascendancy. But that is normally the limit to what it can achieve; for any permanent results, except annihilation, it is by itself quite useless. It is merely one ingredient, though an essential one, of a great many others which are necessary to the successful working of human relationships in a rough and realist world. To suppose that the affairs of great nations can be composed by the exercise of toughness alone is to return to the mentality of the Stone Age, or earlier. Tact, subtlety, psychology, insight, sympathy, moral integrity, historical knowledge, above all, a knowledge of the world and of human nature, are essential. The old-fashioned diplomatists, so discounted by our arrogant, know-all age, normally possessed and exercised these. Few of those who, representing the peoples they have beguiled into voting for them, sit down at international conferences to-day appear to possess even most of these qualities. Some of them do not seem to possess any of them at all.

The more I think about this problem, the more I become convinced that we have got to revert—if revert is the word—to the practice of every enduring political community in recorded history, of conditioning certain men for government. It is so complex and subtle an art that an early training for it is almost essential. A great genius may sometimes take to it comparatively late in life and make a success of it, but great genius is exceedingly rare, and we have to legislate for the common ruck of men. A tincture of aristocracy in any government that is to work efficiently seems almost essential: not too much—for that brings in its train even greater disabilities than those it helps to remove—but a tincture. Take the aristocratic element out of British politics during the past century and try to picture the result: how much of the social good sense, the integrity, the inherent reasonableness, the charm and distinction that have characterised them would have been lost. It is easy to decry class, but it is far harder to do without it. Those who doubt this would do well to consider what is happening in Soviet Russia to-day, where a new and hereditary governing class is in palpable process of urgent formation. The real argument for aristocracy is that without it one cannot have experienced government. One can only have what one has to-day—government by tyros and amateurs invested with high-sounding official and professional titles. An English eighteenth-century aristocrat was in reality a professional ruler, professional because all his life he was paid for learning to control, lead and persuade his fellow-men to give of their best to the common needs of the community. He may have been grossly overpaid; he may often—like his successor, the politician and the Civil Servant—have been a man of very ordinary and even inferior talent; he may have made, as all human beings do, a great many mistakes, but, as Professor Butterfield observes in his latest book,

“those English gentlemen of the eighteenth century were brought up from their very childhood to be rulers and politicians. They saw the practice of administration, heard political discussion, learned the arts of management in their local estates and observed the conduct of public affairs at first hand from their earliest days—they were being educated all the time in the actual practice of politics.”* This is the lesson that I find written in headlines across the page of my daily newspaper every morning, as the melancholy record of abortive conferences, international misunderstandings, ‘suspended negotiations grow larger and louder. By all means let us have the amateur element and the common touch in our management of affairs; let us, too, have a sufficiency of clerks to do the necessary checking, recording and collation. But, in the name of common sense and sweet reasonableness, let us have a little professional skill too. Let us have a few men, at least, who have been bred since childhood to the rare and high art of managing and humouring their fellow beings.



THE DEATH OF A BRILLIANT MUSICIAN: THE LATE MR. CONSTANT LAMBERT, THE WELL-KNOWN COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR, WHO DIED IN LONDON ON AUGUST 21.

By the death, on August 21, of Mr. Constant Lambert English musical life has suffered the loss of one of its most brilliant figures. Mr. Lambert, who died within two days of his forty-sixth birthday, was for many years musical director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and after relinquishing its conductorship in 1947 he had returned to composition. Only last month his ballet, “Tiresias,” with choreography by Ashton and décor by his wife, was produced at Covent Garden. Born in London in 1905, Constant Lambert was the son of the Australian painter George Washington Lambert. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and the Royal College of Music. While he was still a student Diaghilev commissioned a ballet from him; this ballet, “Romeo and Juliet,” was produced in Monte Carlo in 1926. His most generally known and successful work was the “Rio Grande,” for chorus, orchestra and piano solo, in which he incorporated jazz rhythms. Mr. Lambert's chief critical work was the book “Music Ho!: A Study of Music in Decline,” which was published in 1934.

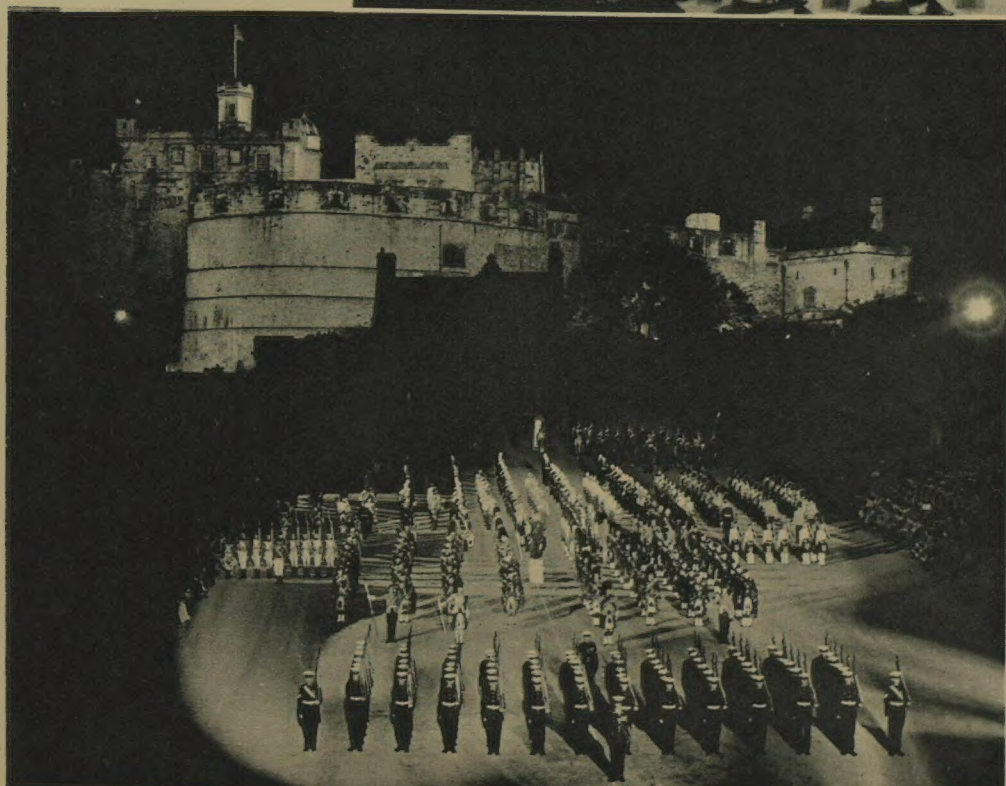


"WEDDING BOUQUET"; THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET, WHO HAVE RETURNED TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1948 AND HAVE PRESENTED A VARIED REPERTORY.

THE Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama, which closes on Sept. 8, has been the occasion for the return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company to the Festival for the first time since 1948 in a varied repertory which has included "Le Lac des Cygnes" in its entirety. On August 23 and 24 the Company gave Constant Lambert's last work, "Tiresias," which had not been seen before in Edinburgh, and in tribute to his memory the Covent Garden Orchestra played his "Aubade Heroïque," which he composed when the Company was stranded in Holland at the beginning of the war. The production of "The Spanish Tragedy" by the Edinburgh University Dramatic Society has excited much favourable comment and is a valuable contribution to the unofficial side of the Festival. The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the conductorship of Bruno Walter and Dimitri Mitropoulos, are giving fourteen concerts during the Festival in the Usher Hall, their programme including works by Brahms, Beethoven and Prokofieff.



UNDER THE CONDUCTORSHIP OF BRUNO WALTER AND DIMITRI MITROPOULOS: THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK AT THE USHER HALL DURING ONE OF THE FOURTEEN CONCERTS IT IS GIVING DURING THE FESTIVAL.



WITH EDINBURGH CASTLE AS A BACKCLOTH: THE FINAL SCENE OF THE MILITARY TATTOO STAGED BY SCOTTISH COMMAND ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE; WITH ROYAL MARINES IN THE FOREGROUND.



A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNOFFICIAL SIDE OF THE FESTIVAL: SOME OF THE ACTORS IN "THE SPANISH TRAGEDY."

BALLET, MUSIC AND DRAMA AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: EVENTS OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN SCOTLAND: INFORMAL HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS.



LAUGHINGLY SPOTTING THE CAMERAMAN WHILE RETURNING FROM A PICNIC: PRINCESS ELIZABETH (LEFT) AND PRINCESS MARGARET POINTING, WHILE THE QUEEN SMILES.



LISTENING TO THE CANADIAN PIPERS AT BIRKHAL: LT.-COL. NEILSON, MRS. FARMER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, LT.-COL. J. A. FARMER AND PRINCESS MARGARET (L. TO R.; SEATED). LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL AND MISS BEVAN (BEHIND).



A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP AT BALMORAL: THE KING, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCE CHARLES—THE CENTRE OF INTEREST—HELD UP ASTRIDE A STONE STATUE OF A DEER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE QUEEN.

The Royal family, when on their Scottish holiday at Balmoral, enjoy freedom from formality. They go picnics on the moors, and walk about on the estate and the roads surrounding it, the Queen and her daughters often wearing kilted tartan skirts with their stout shoes and tweed jackets. On August 23, twenty-six pipers of the Canadian Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were invited by their Colonel-in-Chief, Princess Elizabeth, to play at Birkhall and take tea. This



A BRISK WALK ALONG THE ROAD TO CRATHIE: THE QUEEN, BETWEEN HER DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS ELIZABETH (LEFT) AND PRINCESS MARGARET, ALL WEARING TARTAN SKIRTS.



BEFORE PRESENTING LIEUT.-COLONEL J. A. FARMER AND LIEUT.-COLONEL NEILSON TO PRINCESS ANNE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WIPES HER LITTLE ROYAL HIGHNESS'S NOSE.



ARE THERE FISH IN THE FOUNTAIN HERE? PRINCE CHARLES INVESTIGATES AT BALMORAL, WATCHED BY HIS GRANDMOTHER, THE QUEEN, AND HIS AUNT, PRINCESS MARGARET.

was to mark their having won the chief award in the contest for overseas pipers at the Murrayfield Gathering of the Clans. After the official programme had been completed, Princess Elizabeth asked for her favourite pipe tune, "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar." She talked to all the members of the band, and they also met Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Prince Charles, now a sturdy little boy, was deeply interested in the leopard's skin worn by Drummer J. G. Hunter.



ROYAL BABY-WORSHIP: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN BESIDE THE PERAMBULATOR CONTAINING THEIR BABY GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS ANNE.



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE SUPPORTED ON A BALUSTRADE AT BALMORAL BY HER MOTHER AND AUNT, T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

INTERNATIONAL SCOUTS AT GILWELL PARK.



A ROUSING WELCOME: LORD ROWALLAN, CHIEF SCOUT OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE, BEING CHAIRED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT GILWELL PARK, ESSEX.



ARRIVING BY HELICOPTER TO OPEN THE INTERNATIONAL SCOUT CAMP: LORD ROWALLAN, WHO WAS WELCOMED BY SCOUTS FROM NEARLY FORTY COUNTRIES.



SOME OF THE OVERSEA SCOUTS WHO ATTENDED THE CAMP: THE SUDANESE CONTINGENT AT GILWELL PARK. THE HOSTS, THE LONDONERS, PAID THEIR GUESTS' EXPENSES.

Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth and Empire, was landed by helicopter at Gilwell Park, Essex, on August 23 to open the ten-day London International Patrol Camp, which has been attended by more than 700 London scouts and rover scouts and their guests from overseas. Many continued friendships made earlier in the month at the jamboree in Austria. Lord Rowallan said that the camp was not to show the solidarity of democratic youth but to make friends. It is the London scouts' contribution to Festival Year, and they have been in every way the hosts, even to paying their guests' expenses. This has been managed largely through the generosity of people in their home boroughs, who also helped during the previous week by giving the overseas scouts a magnificent welcome when the boys stayed in private houses.

AN AMPHIBIOUS JEEP REACHES ENGLAND.

An amphibious jeep, "Half-Safe," in which Australian-born Mr. Fred Carlin and his American wife, Elinore, crossed the Atlantic in 53 days, was escorted to Deal by the Walmer lifeboat on August 24 after coastguards had been asked to keep a look-out for it. The amphibian appeared to be in difficulties on the Goodwins, and as she was in a dangerous position near a wreck, the lifeboat went out. The "Half-Safe" managed, however, to make the shore under her own power. With Mr. and Mrs. Carlin was a Belgian friend, M. Theo Defresne, who joined them at Calais. The Carlins, who are spending their honeymoon on a world tour, left Halifax, Canada, in July, 1950, in the "Half-Safe." They went to Copenhagen *via* sea and land, *via* the Azores, Madeira, Spanish West Africa, Tangier, Lisbon, Madrid, Paris, Brussels and Hamburg. The Carlins, who are planning to stay for five months in this country, motored to London in their jeep on August 26. Mrs. Carlin, describing the journey across the gale-swept Channel, said it was "horrible over the Goodwins."



LANDING AT DEAL AFTER CROSSING THE CHANNEL: MR. AND MRS. CARLIN IN THEIR AMPHIBIOUS JEEP "HALF-SAFE," IN WHICH THEY ARE MAKING A WORLD TOUR.



INSPECTING THEIR AMPHIBIOUS JEEP AT DEAL ON THE MORNING AFTER THEY LANDED THERE: MR. AND MRS. CARLIN (LEFT) AND M. THEO DEFRESNE.



IN LONDON AFTER TRAVELLING BY ROAD FROM THE COAST: M. THEO DEFRESNE, MRS. CARLIN AND MR. FRED CARLIN IN "HALF-SAFE."

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISASTERS ON LAND AND ON WATER.



A TRAIN DISASTER IN FRANCE IN WHICH TWENTY PASSENGERS WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED: THE WRECKED FRANKFURT-PARIS EXPRESS AT SARY-SUR-NIED.

On August 24 the Frankfurt-Paris express and the Basle-Calais express were in collision at Sary-sur-Nied, east of Metz. Both trains were travelling in the same direction and the impact caused the luggage-van of the Frankfurt-Paris train to disintegrate and forced the last coach but one on to the

roof of the next coach. Twenty passengers were killed and many injured, including some American soldiers who were returning from leave. Nearly 300 British holiday-makers were travelling in the Basle-Calais express and they reached Folkestone nine hours late, many of them suffering from bruises.



THE IMAGE OF WAR: AN ASSAULT BOAT ACCIDENTALLY BLOWN UP DURING U.S. ARMY EXERCISES, THE CREW OF TEN BEING INJURED, ONE SERIOUSLY.

The accident shown above happened during recent training exercises at the U.S. Army base, Camp Rucker. An assault boat hit an underwater demolition charge and blew up, hurling the occupants and their equipment in all directions. Ten men were injured and one, whose leg and arm can be

seen at the top of the photograph, broke his back. The realism of U.S. training is borne out by the parachute exercise in North Carolina recently, when 4000 troops, with their vehicles, guns and other equipment, were dropped. Nearly 100 soldiers were injured in the operation, some of them seriously.

AN ENGAGING STUDY OF THE UNSEEN.

"THE HISTORY OF UNDERCLOTHES"; By Drs. C. WILLETT AND PHILLIS CUNNINGTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

DR. C. W. CUNNINGTON is known as the greatest living authority on dress and the former of a classic historical collection. He and Dr. Phillis Cunnington have now combined in a history of those garments (and appliances) which are either wholly or mainly concealed from the eye. The range of their survey can be indicated by the sources of their illustrations: they begin with reproductions from mediæval psalters, go on to pictures after Brueghel and Holbein, and end with specimens drawn from the catalogues of such authorities as Messrs. Harrods, Marshall and Snelgrove and Austin Reed. And they tell a story of (especially after the Reformation) almost continuous change, and, as between the sexes, interchange; with most changes shocking somebody or other. Drawers, for example, began as male attire; people were shocked when women took to them, and then, as feminine attire they became as unmentionable as men's trousers, which were exposed to the full light of day but still could not be named.

Persons of a scientific bent will doubtless find in this work materials for the formation of theories about the evolution of dress, although the evolution is full of mazes, zigzags and retrogressions. To those who do not wish to form views, even as to the relations between dress and social and economic structures, it will be a delightful scrap-book of odd pictures and facts, some of them surprising.

There has lately been, for example, in the sort of quarters where they don't mind wearing American ties, an outburst of garments with wall-paper patterns on them embodying repeated designs of running foxes, rowing-boats or elegant female forms. We might at first think that this sort of eccentric vulgarity could have been perpetrated by no age but our own. But, no: the "downy ones" of mid-Victorian days had tastes similar to those of the "spivs" of our own. "If some of those picturesque garments were now to come to light, museum curators might find them difficult to date, or even mistake them for modern. How baffling, for instance, would be such a one as worn by Mr. Ledbury in his office—with the figure of a famous prima-donna forming 'the pattern of his shirt, on which she was reproduced many times in a chocolate tint.' Equally puzzling would be the sportive attire of the 'snob' on ship-board [Thackeray], wearing 'a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors.' That these literary fancies were based on fact is proved by an advertisement of 1855: 'Rodger's Improved Shirts for ease, elegance and durability have no rival, 31/6 and 42/- the half-dozen. Patterns of coloured shirtings, such as horses, dogs, and other sporting designs, post free.'"

Braces in their modern form came in about 1800. Fifty years later "braces embroidered in Berlin wool-work of many colours came into notice. What is remarkable about them, apart from their colours, is the fact that they were so often worked by young ladies and given as presents to the sterner sex; this at a time when prudery forbade the mention of the garments to which they were destined to be fastened. "Perhaps," the authors jest, "we should regard them as symbols of a secret attachment." In that era of prunes, [prisms and prudery, "Both sexes accepted the

hygienic rule of 'wool next the skin,' and the wearing of underclothes singularly lacking in charm. The scientist rather than the artist was responsible for the garments designed by Dr. Jaeger, early in the 1880's. Illustrations of these models remind us of his German origin, for no mere French brain could have conceived underwear so Teutonic. But, after all, why should the influence of sex-attraction be allowed to penetrate into the deeper layers which propriety occluded from vision? ... There were physical facts which the shadow of Mrs. Grundy veiled in impenetrable obscurity. We hear of a young lady exclaiming, at the prospect of marriage, 'How awful it must be to be seen,

endowed with abdominal convexity' should avoid these modes." I was a small boy in the West at the time and I do not remember all these details; but I certainly remember (and I think that the fashion persisted in hot weather for several seasons) the blooming of the cummerbund—a wide, scarlet sash going round the waist and enabling the coat to be worn open as the meeting of shirt and trouser was concealed from view. To the best of my recollection that vivid garment was chiefly favoured by "gentlemen endowed with abdominal convexity," and portentous figures it made them as they walked along the streets twirling their mustachios and their malacca canes. There comes also to me, with a mixture of recognition and astonishment, an advertisement of 1902 (King Edward VII. was already on the throne): "The patent bust-improver, placing the possession of a bust modelled on that of the famous Venus de Milo at the disposal of every lady; of flesh-coloured material and less than 2 ozs. at 7/6 a pair." The authors, after a long welter of calculated concealments and artificial adjustments of contour, must have felt as though they had

come out of a sartorial tunnel when they wrote down: "The practice, which arose after the war, of pottering about the house in pyjamas and of both sexes seeing each other strolling to the bathroom, entirely destroyed the ancient association of nightwear and strict privacy." To-day, judging from the posters and the advertisements for seaside resorts, people wear the minimum which their surroundings and the temperature make possible. All efforts at social distinction, or the use of clothes for purposes of fascination, cease when each sex is roughly reduced to a loincloth. An enormous revolution has been made by the wars; by taxation and the flinging of women into what used to be a male military maelstrom.

The authors, once they have emerged from primitive times (after all, nobody writes about "The Underclothes of the Australian Aborigine"), see in most changes of clothing the influence either of class motives or of erotic motives—when the upper classes had money, and before they took to tennis and golf, they could go around in stiff, expensive and uncomfortable clothes which their inferiors could neither afford nor cope with. But sometimes attempts at copying were made. There is an interesting passage here about crinolines. When they came in, "The male sex to a man roared in disgust"—so they obviously didn't attract the male. But the lid was put on them when the crinoline even became "essential to factory girls."

For, especially where women are concerned, quite apart from efforts at class-distinction or sexual attraction, there is a third powerful factor: namely, the desire to be in the fashion. Women will adopt the most hideous modes if for some reason or other they believe them the latest thing. If the modes start being common then its hey! for a new fashion, which the merchants are only too willing to invent. This class merry-go-round can be seen in other spheres than that.

There is a perpetual seeping-down through the classes of Christian names (especially feminine ones) and a quick substitution of new ones in the stratum from which they start. But the prospects of the future historian of change are not bright in this age of poverty, universal service for both sexes, mixed games and nudism or near-nudism. If only the absence of clothes could bring with it a general improvement of the figures!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 345 of this issue.



SHOWING THE ELABORATE EMBROIDERY AND EDGING: A MAN'S SHIRT, LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"... for both men and women in the sixteenth century the undergarment was no longer an obscure drudge, but was promoted to serve in the general mode of expression what the whole costume 'so extravagantly announced: and likewise to share in that extreme degree of finery and physical discomfort which became the acceptable hallmark of the Social Superior."



ILLUSTRATING THE ELABORATE STYLE OF THE PERIOD: A MAN'S EVENING DRESS SHIRT, COLLAR AND TIE BY WELCH MARGETSON AND CO., c. 1860.

Illustrations from "The History of Underclothes," by Drs. C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington, by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.

by one's husband—in one's petticoats! But it seems that marriage—at least in the 1880's—might entail more awful shocks even than that. There was a bride who wrote home to her Mamma that she was horrified by the sight of her husband's night-shirts; and that she was spending the honeymoon 'making nice long night-gowns so that I shan't be able to see any of him.'"

Towards the end of the book persons of my generation will come across modes which they will remember, but hardly believe that they remember. "The hot summer of 1893," say our authors, "introduced the cummerbund in lieu of a waistcoat, with 'an amazing display of shirt-front'; City gentlemen were driven 'to dispense with braces and wear sash or even belt, and some venture to wear soft striped flannel shirt and white silk tie,' while others indulged in low-cut flowered waistcoats, displaying almost as much shirt-front; but we are warned that 'gentlemen



DESIGNED TO ENSURE THE "POUTER PIGEON" FIGURE OF THE PERIOD: A CORSET OF c. 1770.

The eighteenth-century corset was "singularly rigid and compressing throughout the period and was worn from childhood. The coarse material of which it was made was closely stitched in rows from top to bottom, enclosing stiffenings of cane or whalebone. Its lower margin was cut into tabs so that the garment could be adapted to the shape of the hips."



WORN BY ITALIAN WOMEN IN THE LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: EMBROIDERED LINEN DRAWERS.

"It does not seem that Englishwomen wore drawers before the very end of the eighteenth century. Fynes Morison, in his 'Itinerary' (1605-17), makes it clear that the Italian women of his day wore them: 'The city Virgins, and especially Gentlewomen ... in many places wear silke or linnen breeches under their gowns.'"

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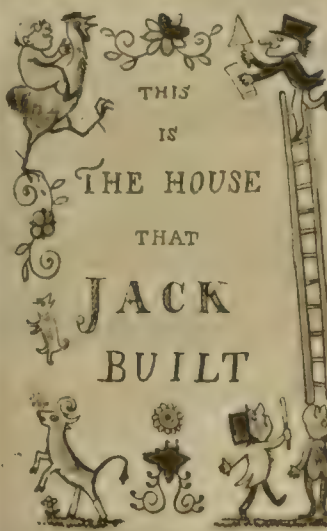
THE FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARIES :
AN ANNIVERSARY DISPLAY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE
EXCELLENCY
OF THE
Pen and Pencil,

EXEMPLIFYING
The Uses of them in the most Ex-
quisite and Myfterious Arts of
DRAWING, PAINTING in
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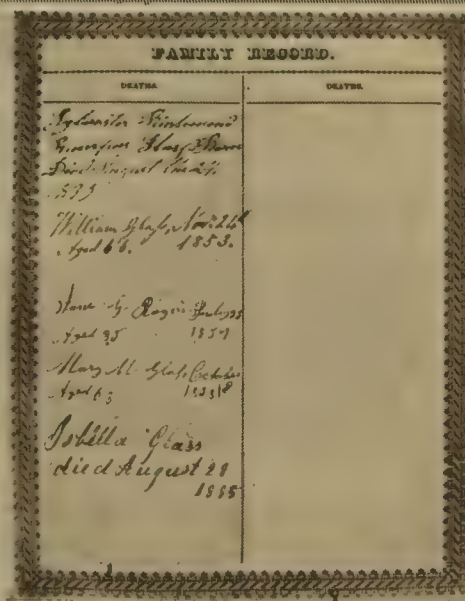
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"THE EXCELLENCY OF THE PEN AND PENCIL": ONE OF THE
ONLY THREE KNOWN COMPLETE COPIES OF THE SECOND EDITION, 1688.
British Museum, presented by Mr. Burn.



THE SETTING FOR THE ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION, 1931-51, OF THE
FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARIES: THE RECENTLY RESTORED KING'S
LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE TRISTAN DA CUNHA BIBLE, USED BY WILLIAM
GLASS TO KEEP FAMILY RECORDS ON THE ISLAND,
WHERE HE SETTLED IN 1816. [British Museum.]

THE Anniversary Exhibition (1931-51) of
the Friends of the National Libraries in
the restored King's Library, British Museum,
illustrates their work, which is to help to
acquire for National Libraries and those of
national interest, books and mss. of literary,
historical and archaeological interest. The
items shown illustrate the variety both in
the gifts themselves (made by private indi-
viduals through the Society, or purchased
by the Society or with its aid) and in the
number and type of the collections repre-
sented. Some 170 items have been assembled
from twenty-five libraries, including the three
[Continued above, right.]

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT," 1850:
ONE OF A SERIES OF THIRTY-FOUR CHILDREN'S
BOOKS. [British Museum, presented by the Misses Martelli.]

Continued.)
National Libraries, Universities, Religious
Foundations and Public Libraries. "The
Excellency of the Pen and Pencil" is a
seventeenth-century work on the graphic arts.
The 1688 edition is particularly valuable for
its evidence on the history of mezzotint.
The Spanish book on Geometry and Patterns
pertaining to the Tailor's Craft (*Geometria y
Traça Perteneciente al oficio de Sastres*) was the
first book to appear in Spain on the subject.



A BOOK OF GEOMETRY AND PATTERNS PERTAINING
TO THE TAILOR'S CRAFT: VALENCIA, 1618, WITH
WOOD-CUT DIAGRAM. [Victoria and Albert Museum.]



A BOX OF MINIATURE CHILDREN'S BOOKS, THE SIZE OF EACH VOLUME
c. 2 BY 2 1/2 INS. [Victoria and Albert Museum, presented by Miss A. B. Marshall.]



A SIX-WAY BINDING, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: SIX GERMAN RELIGIOUS WORKS
IN AN EMBROIDERED BINDING OF A RARE TYPE. [British Museum, presented by Mr. A. Ehrman.]



(ABOVE.) THE NEW BOEING AERIAL REFUELLING SYSTEM IN OPERATION: THE "FLYING BOOM" IS SEEN EXTENDED FROM UNDER THE TAIL OF A BOEING B-29 TANKER (RIGHT), THE FUELLING NOZZLE LOCKED IN THE RECEIVING SOCKET OF THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS, SITUATED JUST FORWARD OF THE BOMBER'S FORWARD GUN TURRET.

OUR remarkable photographs illustrate in detail the new method of aerial refuelling which has been developed in the United States. It is now being practised by the U.S. Seventh Air Division aircraft based in this country, and is proving very successful, and indeed the Boeing Airplane Co. recently announced that the majority of B-50 and B-29 bombers had been equipped with it. It differs from the British system pioneered by Flight Refuelling. Modified B-29 Superfortresses are used as tankers to refuel the later B-50 Superfortresses, spearhead of the U.S. Air Force's strategic air command. The fuel is transferred from one aircraft to another by means of a rigid telescopic tube, which extends from under the tail of the tanker, and is controlled by small V-shaped "ruddivators" which are miniature aerofills and can be guided almost 17 degs. left or right, and about 34 degs. downwards. The operator in the tail of the tanker, seated in the space usually occupied by the tail guns,

(Continued above, right.)



THE NEW BOEING "FLYING BOOM" AERIAL REFUELLING SYSTEM FOR U.S. BOMBERS: THE METHOD SHOWN IN STRIKING DETAIL PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Continued from lower left.) controls the "boom." When extended, the fuelling nozzle in the rear extremity of the "boom" fits into a socket just forward of the bomber's top forward gun turret. Once the aircraft are coupled together fuel is pumped under pressure from the tanker to the bomber. The tanker uses radar and radio to locate the aircraft to be refuelled, and when the speed and height at which the operation is to be undertaken have been settled, the tanker takes up a position above and ahead of the receiving aircraft. The "boom" operator (known by the nickname of "Clancy"), guides the pilot of the receiving machine into position, lowers the "boom" and extends it. It can be extended from its normal length of 27 ft. to 47 ft., and the nozzle, 4 ins. in diameter, must be inserted into a socket 6 ins. in diameter near the nose of the receiving aircraft. Once in place it locks automatically. A refuelling operation can usually be completed in five minutes. The tanker can carry over 12,000 gallons of fuel in its special nylon tanks, and the operation can be carried out at speeds up to and exceeding 250 m.p.h.



AERIAL REFUELLING BY "FLYING BOOM": THE RECEIVING AIRCRAFT AS SEEN BY THE OPERATOR (WHO HAS BEEN NICKNAMED 'CLANCY'). HE IS ACCOMMODATED IN THE SPACE USUALLY OCCUPIED BY THE TAIL GUNS OF THE B-29.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE "FLYING BOOM" IN POSITION, COUPLING THE TANKER AND BOMBER TOGETHER, WHILE FUEL IS PUMPED UNDER PRESSURE FROM THE TANKER (RIGHT) TO THE BOMBER.



THE OPERATOR OF THE "FLYING BOOM": A CLOSE-UP SHOWING HIS STATION IN THE TAIL OF THE B-29 TANKER, AND A PORTION OF THE TELESCOPING FUELLING "BOOM" AND TUBING SUPPORTS.

AN AIR-SEA RESCUE BY HELICOPTER: A DEMONSTRATION IN THE SOLENT.



THE FIRST STAGE OF AN AIR-SEA RESCUE BY HELICOPTER: THE AIRMAN, WHO HAS "BALED OUT," IS ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE LIFE-LINE.



JUST ISSUING FROM THE SEA: THE DEMONSTRATOR, NOW ATTACHED TO THE HOOK ON THE LIFE-LINE, BEGINS HIS JOURNEY UP TO THE HOVERING AIRCRAFT.



HANGING SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR BELOW THE RESCUING HELICOPTER: THE DEMONSTRATOR IN THE DISPLAY GIVEN ON AUGUST 23 OFF LEE-ON-SOLENT.

The use of the helicopter has been steadily developed of recent years and its specialised powers of hovering and of making direct ascent and descent have proved invaluable in such theatres of operation as Malaya and Korea, while it has also been employed in civil life. A notable demonstration of air-sea rescue by a *Westland Sikorsky 55*, of the 705 Squadron, R.N. Safety Equipment and Survival Training School, Gosport, was given on August 23 off Lee-on-Solent. A Surgeon-Commander from the Air Medical School was picked up by



THE RESCUE SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED: SURGEON-COMMANDER STEELE-PERKINS, THE AIRMAN HAULED UP FROM THE SEA, BEING PULLED IN BY THE WINCH OPERATOR.

hook-and-winch after baling out over the sea. The method is illustrated in our photographs. The hook was lowered from the helicopter to the floating airman who attached himself to it and was hoisted by a winch and small crane. The first helicopter built for military service was the experimental *XR-4*, which first flew in January, 1942. Since VJ-Day Sikorsky have produced three new types, the *S-51*, *S-52* and *S-55*. The *S-55*, a 12-seater utility helicopter, is suitable for passenger, air-mail, or cargo transport, air rescue and military service.

WE talk of "French North Africa," but the territories to which this title is loosely applied differ greatly in status and in other respects. Algeria is truly French, with a French administration, and to a large extent a part of France beyond the sea. Morocco is a Sultanate, Tunis a Beylic. This last word stands for the district of a Turkish Governor and recalls the fact that part of Tunisia was once a Turkish possession and that for a long time afterwards the Bey of Tunis was subject to a shadowy Turkish overlordship, though he was really independent and lived by the ancient professions of piracy and slave-dealing. In this, one of his rivals was the Bey of Algiers. Morocco and Tunisia are French Protectorates, and the senior French official in these countries is known as Resident-General, not Governor-General. Algeria and Tunisia are Mediterranean territories, the main wealth and population of which is situated in a relatively narrow coast belt. Morocco is an Atlantic country, only just touching the Mediterranean coast between the borders of Algeria and Spanish Morocco.

In certain respects, however, the title "French North Africa" is more than a convenience to group together these territories. Their recent development has had a good deal in common and has been, above all, characteristically French. It has been based on a French principle when dealing with intelligent races with old traditions and civilisation such as Arabs and Berbers. Administration, political reform, welfare, education, building and, one may say, life in general, have been placed within an indigenous, autochthonous frame. This is true in some degree even of Algeria, but much more of Tunisia and most of all of Morocco. In the last-named, Lyautey made the policy, which has since been adhered to. The aim has been to interfere as little as possible with native customs and to keep developments moving along native paths. Many mistakes and some abuses have marked the recent history of these countries, but in general the French achievement has been remarkably high. Though the French Colonial Service was in the past underpaid, with the consequence that a number of those admitted to its ranks were of inferior quality, some very good civilians as well as outstanding soldiers have served in French North Africa. Tunisia has not established the reputation of breeding fighting men, but Algeria and Morocco have provided excellent troops excellent even in European warfare—in the French service.

The success of the French experiment was tested in the two World Wars. In the first, Morocco appeared on the face of it likely to be unreliable, if not dangerous. The Protectorate was then brand-new, and in



"GENERAL JUIN IS WITHOUT DOUBT AN OUTSTANDING SOLDIER . . .": THE RESIDENT-GENERAL OF FRENCH MOROCCO, WHO IS DESTINED FOR A HIGH POSITION IN GENERAL EISENHOWER'S NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION.

1012 men famous in that war, such as Franchet d'Espèrey, Gouraud and Mangin, had been engaged in heavy fighting. Yet Lyautey boldly stripped the country of troops to such an extent as to cause some disquiet to the French Government, which, heaven knows, had need enough of troops. He said himself that he had emptied the langouste, leaving only the shell. That proved enough. Throughout the war, apart from a short period during which he was Minister of War and was replaced by his able lieutenant, Gouraud, he held Morocco quiet. It may be said that he was an exceptional man, with unexampled prestige, yet some of the credit must go to the French tradition. The case of the Second World War is even more remarkable. Then France suffered humiliating defeat, at home and her Government became the puppet of an occupying enemy. Yet the North African territories remained loyal to the French connection. Some of our people who criticised French methods in North Africa had afterwards to ask themselves whether British methods would have stood such a test.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SOME PROBLEMS OF FRENCH NORTH AFRICA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The world moved on, and inevitably French North Africa moved with it. Ever since the Second World War, nationalism in Morocco and Tunisia has been simmering and might at any time come to the boil. In Morocco the Sultan himself has taken an active part in opposition to French administrative policy and has more than once clashed with the Resident-General, General Juin. In Tunisia the most powerful nationalist party consented to enter the new Government and its chief accepted a Ministerial portfolio,



"IN MOROCCO THE SULTAN HIMSELF HAS TAKEN AN ACTIVE PART IN OPPOSITION TO FRENCH ADMINISTRATIVE POLICY . . .": THE SULTAN, SIDI MOHAMMED, WITH PRESIDENT AURIANT DURING AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO FRANCE.

but there also considerable friction has arisen. It is the old story. The French have sketched out a sequence of reforms which are intended gradually to loosen their control. The peoples of the countries concerned have two objections to their action: first, that they do not move fast enough, and, secondly, that there is no sign of their moving far enough. As always in such cases, shades of opinion exist, and it is perhaps only the extreme kind which desires complete independence and separation from France. The trouble is, in these times, that the majority is often inclined, or compelled, to take the line of the extremists. Tact and the ability to win confidence in the honesty of the protecting Power are necessary if this calamity is to be avoided. It does not appear promising to the Tunisians when they see seven French Ministers in a Government which numbers only fifteen or when officials seem to strain the Resident-General's remaining powers.

No one can prophesy with confidence how affairs will go, but it is clear that the French are making a genuine effort to produce an honourable, statesman-like and beneficent policy. In Morocco a new Resident-General may be about to try his fortune in this difficult task; he may, in fact, have been appointed by the time this article appears. It will be recalled that General Juin has been destined for a high position in General Eisenhower's North Atlantic Treaty organisation, but that it was considered undesirable to withdraw him from Morocco at once. General Guillaume has meanwhile been deputising for him in Europe. It is now understood that General Juin will shortly leave Morocco and that his most probable successor as Resident-General is General Guillaume. General Juin is without doubt an outstanding soldier, but it is possible that the introduction of new blood in Morocco and the arrival of a Resident-General not tied to any past record or having to account for any past statement of policy will prove timely at this critical stage.

It is regrettable to have to add that the French have had in this country in general a bad Press, and, in my view, sometimes an unjust one. Some writers who know little of their achievements in North Africa or of the great improvements they have effected in those territories, and who know still less of the difficulties of maintaining efficient administration in such a case, have not hesitated to talk of oppression and exploitation. It is also said that from time to time Americans visiting North Africa have criticised the French régime, though I believe that officials and military men have been expressly warned by the United States Government against any such imprudence. If this is true, and I have been assured by French who are in a position to know that it is, nothing could be more unfortunate. While Arab nationalism is in general pure, it is also professed by some who are acutely conscious of the depth of the American purse, and who think that an independent State under American patronage and full of American dollars might be a happy hunting-ground for themselves. They may be right, but it would not be a happier country, and they themselves do not merit encouragement.

Though Communist propaganda has achieved some success in Arab and Moslem countries, neither the race nor the religion as such has shown a liking for its tenets. The three countries comprised in French North Africa occupy positions of great importance as regards the security of the Mediterranean. They can thus serve the cause of peace by

restraining the ambitions of a potential aggressor and, if war should occur, would be a most valuable asset in the armoury of the defence of the West. They stand, however, in the position of all weak and undeveloped nations to-day, in that they can only be protected, and can only make a contribution to the cause of freedom, through co-operation with the greater Powers. In their case, even though

American air forces should be stationed on their soil, France remains, by virtue of her achievements in French North Africa and her familiarity with its background, the rightful as well as the most suitable protector. Any action which weakened her in that rôle would be a disservice both to these countries and to the common cause. France's allies may not be able to prevent affairs developing unfavourably for the French, but it is to be hoped that they will not expedite the process by selfishness or irresponsibility.

Two conflicting interests are at work in the modern world which exercise a strong effect upon strategic considerations. On the one hand, the small, weak, undeveloped nations which do not possess great industries have decreased in power relatively to the great, wealthy and highly industrialised nations. The former were, of course, in the nineteenth century, already handicapped in opposing the latter in war, but not nearly as heavily handicapped as they now are. Such resistance as Denmark put up against, first Prussia, then Prussia and Austria combined, in the middle of the century is inconceivable to-day. Yet at the same time irrational mankind has seen fit to indulge in narrower and more reckless nationalist aspirations. These are to be found not only in Asia and Africa, where European colonialism is bitterly resented or has been shaken off altogether, but also in small States with a western civilisation. This ardent nationalism moves against the grain of the times, and would appear to be, certainly in its extreme form, a retrograde impulse. The moralists and the politicians are unable to restrain it, and more often encourage it. The strategists have to take it as it comes, though occasionally one of them, such as General Eisenhower—whose political wisdom and skill are superior to those of most politicians of to-day—makes a well-inspired effort to guide and control it.

It may be taken for granted that every State which seeks to follow its own private path will be able to advance along it in a free world. No checks to which



"IT IS NOW UNDERSTOOD THAT GENERAL JUIN WILL SHORTLY LEAVE MOROCCO AND THAT HIS MOST PROBABLE SUCCESSOR AS RESIDENT-GENERAL IS GENERAL GUILLAUME": GENERAL A. GUILLAUME, ACTING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ALLIED LAND FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE, REPRESENTING GENERAL JUIN.

it will be subjected in those surroundings will hold it back. The danger lies in the fact that a large part of the world is not free. If our ardently nationalistic little State comes into the grip of that other world, it will find that it has exchanged the chastisement of whips for that of scorpions. At present, for example, certain Eastern European countries are being remorselessly stripped of their goods and having their poor standard of living further depressed for the sake of Russian stock-piling. Another characteristic of modern strategy is that complete isolation no longer exists. If the main forces of the Allied nations which oppose the spread of Communism and Communist arms were to be defeated, the little States would not in the long run escape the Communist net. They would be snapped up in their turn. It would then be too late to regret that their stiff and unaccommodating nationalism had prevented them from making an adequate contribution to defence in co-operation with their more powerful neighbours, and had thus played a part in the downfall of the latter.



INSTRUCTION IN ROAD SAFETY BY DAYLIGHT CINEMA: AN AUDIENCE OF CHILDREN IN BATTERSEA PARK WATCHING, WITH APPARENT CONCENTRATION, A FILM DESIGNED TO TEACH ROAD SENSE.

The problem of road casualties continues to be most disturbing, and though the accident figures have of late been reduced, they are still alarmingly high. In June of this year 19,749 persons were killed or injured on the roads, of whom 4313 were children under fifteen; and though the number registers a drop from last year's figures (19,931 casualties, of which 4374 were children), there is much room for improvement. It is thus good news that the West London Road Safety

Committee is getting excellent support for its campaign to combine instruction with entertainment for young Londoners by showing road safety films by means of outdoor mobile cinemas in parks and other suitable spots. Daylight films are shown by means of a hooded screen as illustrated, and an audience of young people is seen watching a recent display in Battersea Park in which the L.C.C. invited the West London Road Safety Committee to give film performances.

BATTERED BY THE WORST HURRICANE IN THE

ISLAND'S HISTORY: RUINED KINGSTON, JAMAICA.



FELLED BY THE FURY OF THE GALE: PALM-TREES IN FRONT OF THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL, IN KINGSTON. NOTE THE STUCCO DAMAGED ON THE HOTEL (UPPER RIGHT).



PINNED BY A FALLEN TREE: A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY BUILDING IN KINGSTON. THE HURRICANE STRUCK THE ISLAND AT 9.30 P.M. ON AUGUST 17.



"PLEASE CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE HERE": A POSTER WHICH WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF THIS BUILDING AT THE BADLY HIT PALISADOES AIRPORT, KINGSTON.



RESEMBLING THE AFTERMATH OF AN H.B. BOMB: THE DÉBRIS OF THE TICKET OFFICE AT PALISADOES AIRPORT SURVEYED BY MR. A. S. BEST, THE KINGSTON SUPERINTENDENT OF STATIONS.



AFTER THE GREAT HURRICANE WHICH HARDLY LEFT A BUILDING UNTOUCHED IN KINGSTON: A HUGE TREE BLOCKING SPANISH TOWN ROAD AS WORKERS TRY TO OPEN THE ROAD TO TRAFFIC. TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH WIRES WERE BLOWN DOWN.



BEACHED BY THE HURRICANE: CARIBCEY, A VESSEL AND RAN AGROUND BY THE ROADSIDE.



WHICH WAS BLOWN ACROSS KINGSTON HARBOUR BEING VIEWED BY CURIOUS PASSERS-BY.



WHERE EIGHT WOMEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKAGE OF THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS IN THE GOVERNMENT ALMS-HOUSE IN KINGSTON. ON THE DAY AFTER THE STORM THE SUN SHONE ON THE BATTERED CITY.



SPLINTERED INTO MATCHWOOD BY THE HURRICANE: THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE BUILDINGS AT THE ALMS-HOUSE, KINGSTON. AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE DEATH-TOLL IN THE ISLAND EXCEEDED 150.



HURRICANE DEVASTATION: AN ARMED GUARD PATROLLING KINGSTON. THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE



THE DEMOLISHED HANGARS AT PALISADOES AIRPORT. HURRICANE AMOUNTED TO MILLIONS OF POUNDS.



IN THE WAKE OF THE HURRICANE WHICH LEFT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE: A STREET LITTERED WITH THE DÉBRIS OF TREES WHICH WERE FELLED BY THE STORM AS IT SWEEP ACROSS THE ISLAND.

Jamaica received a tragic blow on the night of August 17, when a hurricane, unprecedented in its fury, transformed the island into a scene of wreckage and ruin and caused over 150 deaths. Thousands have been left homeless and destitute and, because of the destruction of the banana and other crops, have lost their livelihood. The damage is estimated to be in the vicinity of £20,000,000.

The hurricane swept from the south-east end of the island through the coastal town of Morant Bay, capital of the parish of St. Thomas, which was laid waste, and thence to Kingston, where it did damage estimated at £10,000,000 to house property, £500,000 to military property, £500,000 to other Government property, and £250,000 to communications. The storm then travelled on, wrecking sugar estates

at Caymanas, Innwood and Bernard Lodge, and doing widespread damage to the old capital, Spanish Town, and surrounding areas. Sir Hugh Foot, the new Governor of Jamaica, made a low-level flight in a B.O.A.C. aircraft to see which of the stricken areas needed aid most urgently after the hurricane; he also visited the most seriously affected districts and opened a Relief Fund. The British Government

made an immediate contribution of £250,000 to the fund, and among the first individual donors were T.M. the King and Queen, and Queen Mary. Jamaica, one of the British colonies in the West Indies, has an area of 4411 square miles and its principal exports are sugar, bananas, rum and cigars. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the island's banana crop has been damaged. (Pictures by Radio.)



"GROWING OUT OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL AND INCOMPLETE WITHOUT IT": A DRAWING BASED ON THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN FOR A NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE PROPOSED BUILDING FROM THE WEST, WITH THE PORCH ON RIGHT WHICH LINKS IT WITH THE RUINS OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL AND (CENTRE) THE CHAPEL OF UNITY AND THE "SAW-TOOTH" ARRANGEMENT OF THE OUTER WALLS.

On August 15 the three assessors for the competition for the design of a new cathedral at Coventry reported that the winner was Mr. Basil Spence, F.R.I.B.A., whose design was one of outstanding excellence. Much controversy over the award has since arisen, mainly based on the publication of the architect's elevations in the Press. Here we reproduce a drawing of the proposed cathedral as viewed from the west side which will enable our readers to form a clearer picture of Mr. Spence's intention. In his report he stressed the beauty of the existing destroyed cathedral as an eloquent memorial to the courage of the people of Coventry, and stated that the major part of it should be allowed to stand as a Garden of Rest, treating it as an Atrium to

the new cathedral, which "should grow out of the old cathedral and be incomplete without it." Structurally the building consists of a shell-concrete vault resting on tall steel and concrete columns and walls of stone, pink-grey in colour like the old cathedral. Great importance is given to the stained-glass windows; with the exception of the Baptistry windows and those lights over the entrance to the Chapel of Unity, all windows shine towards the altar. A feature of the design is the Chapel of Unity, which is on the axis of the font and divided from the open nave by a grille. The Chapel is shaped like a Crusader's tent, as Christian Unity is a modern Crusade, and provides a setting for combined services. The porch is separated from the

nave by five screens of clear glass which on great occasions and on warm summer evenings can be lowered so that the cathedral is open and there is no physical obstruction between the whole population of Coventry and the altar. Turning towards the altar, the nave is flanked by the Hallowing Places in the shape of sculptured recesses lighted by narrow windows, and the windows shining towards the altar and representing the phases of life. This sequence culminates with the altar built by Mr. Forbes after the bombing of the cathedral, surmounted by the charred Cross and backed by a great modern tapestry representing the Crucifixion. The architect suggests that in order to establish which parts of the old cathedral can be left standing, a

detailed examination will be required, and that as it is the intention to preserve as much of the old as possible, it will be necessary to protect the upper surfaces by some method of damp-proofing to prevent deterioration through the years. The old cathedral, he states, should then be planted out with trees, shrubs and flowers and certain creepers should be encouraged to grow over the old walls, and the large paved area adjacent to the porch should serve for the congregation during open-air services. The heated floor slab in the nave of the new cathedral would provide seating accommodation for 1374 with space for an additional 250 seats when required, and the cost of the building is estimated at about £800,000.

DRAWN BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT FOR THE ARCHITECT, BASIL SPENCE, F.R.I.B.A.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CRIME—OR REGRETTABLE LAPSE?

IN his recent address to the British Association at Edinburgh, Sir Edward Salisbury criticised with vigour, and much wisdom,

some of the dreadful things that gardeners and plant breeders perpetrate—and perpetuate—in the way of plant novelties. To my regret, I have not had an opportunity of reading the full text of Sir Edward's address, and have had to content myself with such brief reports as have appeared in the daily Press. Journalists seem to have pounced to a man on one particular pronouncement—that a double lily is a crime. How true. Only twice have I seen double lilies, and I have no wish to see them again. Some thirty years ago I saw a clump of double-flowered Madonna lilies, *Lilium candidum*, growing in a cottage garden in Cambridgeshire. I got off my bicycle to examine them, shuddered, and rode away. Years later I saw double-flowered Martagon lilies flourishing in a Scottish garden. The flowers looked to me like bunches of shredded liver. They seemed, however, to give much pleasure to their owner.

But I am not quite satisfied that Sir Edward Salisbury was just and fair—if he was quoted aright—in describing double lilies as a "crime." Regrettable lapse on Nature's part would surely be nearer the mark, for almost certainly they originated not as the result of any deliberate cultural technique on the part of man. It is more probable that they cropped up as spontaneous freaks, like those lambs with two heads which, stuffed, are the *pièce de résistance* in so many country museums. If crime there was, it lay in the fact that these monstrosities were not strangled at birth. In horticulture there should be a society for not merely the legalisation, but the imposition, of euthanasia among dreadful plants. There would have to be suitable controls and safeguards, of course. No jealous nurseryman should be allowed to have a rival nurseryman's blue rose or scarlet cymbidium put to sleep on the ground that these things were in bad taste. But who would serve on the panel of adjudicators in this matter. Not I, for one! For what, after all, is good taste, and what bad? The only answer is that that again is a matter of taste, and taste is largely a question of fashion and of period. I have lived long enough to remember mid- and late-Victorian taste and fashion at their height. Drawing-rooms heavily papered, fatly furnished and crowded with knick-knacks. Fuchsias and camellias were

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

popular, and bedding-out was a mania. At the time it was all considered good taste. Later came a greenery-gallery period, and fumed oak furniture embellished with hearts and extravagantly antique hinges of hammered metal. Everything Victorian—even fuchsias and camellias—became taboo, deplorable taste. To-day Victoriana are becoming fashionable, and finding their way from junk shops to the antique dealers. Fuchsias and camellias are beginning to enjoy a greater vogue than ever. What, then, is good taste, and what beauty? Good taste is surely a matter of the moment, of period, and beauty, it has been truly said, is in the eye of the beholder.

The question of single *versus* double flowers has long been, and probably always will be, a vexed one. . . . The only wise way is to form one's own opinion, or borrow opinions which seem to be wise and sound, and act upon them. Personally, I am unashamed in liking a great many double flowers, and in this I find myself to be in good company. The greatest flower painters of every period have delighted in painting double as well as single ones. On the other hand, there are certain flowers which in their natural single state are supremely beautiful, but which, when they become doubled, lose all grace and charm. Sir Edward Salisbury's double lily is just such a calamity.

The common dog-rose is a thing of perfect beauty and so, too, are most of the single-flowered rose species. But are we therefore to dislike and discard all double roses? The charm of certain double roses is great, even if it is not the charm of perfect simplicity and form. But roses which have been given extravagantly passionate colours, or which suggest the "fat white woman whom nobody loves"—well, some folk love them and sell them and buy them. In the course of ages they will find their level and become lost to cultivation, or almost lost, only to be rediscovered at some far distant date, as the roses of 100 and 200 years ago are being rediscovered to-day.

Some will remember how the rose Crimson Rambler took this country by storm. Fifty or so years ago the Thames-side gardens blazed with it, and a little later humbler suburban gardens broke out in the same

dreadful rash. But who grows Crimson Rambler to-day—and who wants to? It was a sensational introduction, but not, I think, a really good and desirable rose, and so, it went.

which retain their petals long after they are brown and faded are an abomination, and cut flowers which last so long as to need dusting—like the white ornithogalums which are sometimes imported from South Africa—are apt to become a bore.

Nature's lapses in the matter of double flowers are by no means all regrettable. The wood anemone, *Anemone nemorosa*, is one of the most delicately beautiful of all British wild flowers. Its double form—which almost certainly occurred as a natural sport—might "put all heaven in a rage" if grown in a wild wood, but planted in the garden it has a prim, old-fashioned air which is charming to all but single-flower purists. The double-flowered lesser celandine, on the other hand, always strikes me as a little heavy and lumpish. The double "Lady's Smock," *Cardamine pratensis*, occurs wild in this country. I found it once in a damp meadow in Hertfordshire, and growing mixed up with the normal single type, and the double



"SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO I SAW A CLUMP OF DOUBLE-FLOWED MADONNA LILIES . . . GROWING IN A COTTAGE GARDEN. . . . I GOT OFF MY BICYCLE TO EXAMINE THEM, SHUDDERED, AND RODE AWAY": A SPIKE OF THE DOUBLE FORM OF *Lilium candidum*, REPRODUCED FROM *The Garden* (1912).

This monstrous form of the Madonna lily has been known in gardens since 1662. The centre of the flower is elongated, and this shoot is covered with numerous overlapping white leaves, ending in a kind of bud. It has neither stamens nor pistil—nor scent.



ONE OF THE DOUBLE FORMS OF THE WOOD ANEMONE WHICH "HAS A PRIM, OLD-FASHIONED AIR WHICH IS CHARMING TO ALL BUT SINGLE-FLOWER PURISTS."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

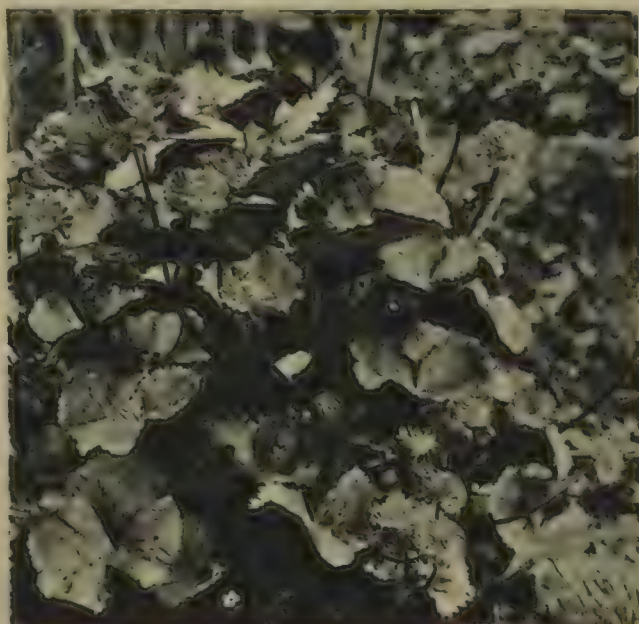
form seemed in no way a regrettable lapse. Grown in the garden the double "Lady's Smock" has great charm. It should be given a cool, rather shady spot, and then will look after itself, and without fuss or

bother form pools of cool lilac in spring. Incapable of producing seeds, the plant has developed the clever trick of reproducing itself vegetatively. Its leaves fall to the ground, and so take root, and form fresh youngsters. There are those who would probably argue from this provision for reproduction that Providence intended the double "Lady's Smock" to continue to adorn the earth. Be that as it may, I am glad that this pretty thing, having occurred as a freak, has come to stay. How different from the



TWO NATURAL FORMS OF A SINGLE SPECIES CONTRASTED: A NORMAL SINGLE-FLOWED MARSH MARIGOLD (*Caltha palustris*) COMPARED . . .

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.



. . . WITH A DOUBLE-FLOWED FORM. AS MR. ELLIOTT WRITES, DOUBLE FLOWERS ARE ALMOST INVARIABLY FREAKS OF NATURE RATHER THAN THE DELIBERATE PRODUCT OF MAN'S INGENUITY. [Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.]

It is often urged in favour of double flowers that they last longer, both in the garden and when cut. As a rule, they do last longer, and in the long run, and up to a point, this is an advantage. But flowers

deliciously fragrant double rockets which for generations have hovered on the verge of extinction, and can only be kept going by most careful cultivation and painstaking propagation.



THE MAGNIFICENT FAÇADE OF HOPETOUN HOUSE, WEST LoTHIAN, WHICH LOOKS TOWARDS THE FORTH BRIDGE: THE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW.

DURING Festival Year and Edinburgh's own Festival, a very great number of Scotland's famous homes and gardens have been open to the public; and between August 19 and September 6 some eighteen special garden tours have been arranged under the auspices of the Scotland's Garden Scheme. On this page and also on pages 332 and 333 we show some of the lovely and romantic houses which have been included in the scheme. Among those on this page perhaps the highest horticultural interest attaches to Dawyck, at which there is a wonderful collection of Chinese rhododendrons and conifers of all kinds. The first larches introduced into Scotland were said to have been planted here in 1725.



A BEAUTIFUL AND TYPICAL ADAM HOUSE IN MIDLoTHIAN: PRESTON HALL, THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR W. H. CALLANDER, WITH CHARACTERISTIC EXPANSES OF LAWN.



WITH PRUNUS IN BRILLIANT FLOWER AMONG THE CONIFERS AT DAWYCK, IN PEEBLESHIRE—A REMARKABLE GARDEN BELONGING TO MR. A. BALFOUR.

LOVELY AND ROMANTIC
SCOTTISH GARDENS
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
DURING THE EDINBURGH
FESTIVAL.



AN IMPRESSIVE AND ROMANTIC FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN EAST LoTHIAN: LUFFNESS, THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR A. J. G. HOPE. IT IS MOATED.



LATE SUMMER BORDERS ON EITHER SIDE OF A GRASS PATH, IN THE GROUNDS OF PRESTON HALL, ANOTHER VIEW OF WHICH IS GIVEN, LEFT.



A SPRING VIEW OF DAFFODILS AT DAWYCK (SEE ALSO PICTURE, LEFT), A FAMOUS GARDEN WITH A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF CHINESE RHODODENDRONS.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC IN FESTIVAL TIME:
HISTORIC SCOTTISH HOMES AND GARDENS.



FLOORS CASTLE, ROXBURGHSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE: BESIDE THE TREE, RIGHT OF THE CENTRE, JAMES II. OF SCOTLAND WAS KILLED IN 1460.



THE BRILLIANT BORDERS OF RAVELSTON HOUSE, EDINBURGH, BELONGING TO MRS. JAMES CLARK: THE YEW TREES AND HEDGES WERE ADMIRER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.



LENNOXLOVE, IN EAST LOTHIAN, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON: IT WAS RESTORED IN 1626 AND THE STORY OF ITS NAME IS TOLD BELOW.



WROUGHT-IRON GATES FRAME THE FORMAL GARDEN TO THE EAST OF LENNOXLOVE. ANOTHER PICTURE IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT.



REPUTED THE OLDEST INHABITED HOUSE IN SCOTLAND: TRAQUAIR, IN PEEBLES SHIRE, THE HOME OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. F. J. MAXWELL-STUART.



THE MAIN GATES OF TRAQUAIR (SEE ALSO LEFT) WHICH, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ARE NEVER TO BE OPENED UNTIL A STUART KING OCCUPIES THE THRONE OF SCOTLAND.

Of the Scottish houses and gardens, open during the Edinburgh Festival and shown on this page, Floors Castle is the most impressive. It stands near the junction of Teviot and Tweed, near also the ruins of Roxburgh Castle (left foreground in our photograph). The tree indicated is said to mark the place where James II. of Scotland was killed in 1460 by the bursting of a cannon, when

besieging Roxburgh Castle. Lennoxlove was originally the Tower of Lethington, but after restoration in 1626 it passed to Lord Blantyre and so named by him after his cousin, Frances, Duchess of Lennox, who helped to raise the purchase price. The money was sent in a casket (which is still preserved), "with the Duchess of Lennox's love."

SCOTTISH HOMES AND GARDENS MADE FAMOUS BY HISTORY, BEAUTY AND ROMANCE.



LOOKING FROM THE TERRACE OF MELLERSTAIN, THE BERWICKSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HADDINGTON: ON A CLEAR DAY THE CHEVIOTS CAN BE SEEN BEYOND THE LAKE.



IN THE LIBRARY OF MELLERSTAIN (SEE ALSO THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT): THE INTERIOR DECORATION IS BY ROBERT ADAM, AND WILLIAM AND JAMES ADAM WERE CONCERNED IN THE DESIGN.



THE LAKE AT CARBERRY TOWER, MIDLOTHIAN, BELONGING TO LORD ELPHINSTONE: LADY ELPHINSTONE, THE SISTER OF THE QUEEN, TAKES A GREAT INTEREST IN THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.



A SCENE WHICH MIGHT BE THE ILLUSTRATION OF A FAIRY-TALE: PILMUIR, IN EAST LOTHIAN, THE PROPERTY OF SIR HENRY WADE. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT DRUMLANRIG CASTLE, DUMFRIESSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH. THE WOOD-CARVING OVER THE FIREPLACE IS BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

Among this further selection of famous Scottish homes and gardens open during the Edinburgh Festival, it is difficult to indicate briefly the wealth of interest, æsthetic, romantic and architectural. Pilmuir might have been invented by Hans Andersen; Carberry Hill was the scene of the surrender of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1567, after which she went to imprisonment at Loch Leven; Mellerstain shows



DOWN WHICH PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD RODE ON HIS RETURN FROM DERBY: THE NORTH DRIVE OF DRUMLANRIG CASTLE—SEE ALSO PICTURE ON THE LEFT.

magnificent examples of the work of William, Robert and James Adam; and Drumlanrig Castle is associated with Bonnie Prince Charlie. Here he quartered himself, his troops and horses, and rode down its north drive, on his retreat from Derby, in reprisal for the Queensberry family's allegiance to the Hanoverians. Its drawing-room contains Napoleon's dispatch box, captured at Waterloo.

SEEKING THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF SIN: FIRST FINDINGS IN THE HUGE AND UNTOUCHED MOUND OF SULTAN TEPE.



FIG. 1. RECOVERING AN ASSYRIAN LIBRARY: EXCAVATING FRAGILE INSCRIBED TABLETS IN THE SULTAN TEPE MOUND.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THREE HUGE COLUMN BASES OF BASALT, EACH OVER 6 FT. SQUARE, WHICH MARKED THE ENTRANCE TO THE ASSYRIAN CITADEL AT SULTAN TEPE.

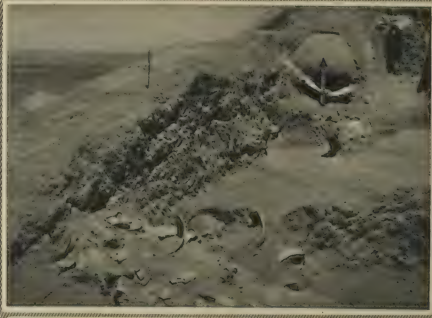


FIG. 3. AMONG THE RUINS OF THE PALACE, ASSYRIAN POTTERY IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH, IN REAR, A HUGE STORAGE JAR OF ALEXANDER'S TIME.



FIG. 4. AMONG THE PRELIMINARY EXCAVATIONS OF THE ASSYRIAN PALACE, AT THE RIGHT, AN ORIGINAL PLASTER WALL, WITH TRACES OF WHITE PAINT.

During April, May and June this year, the Turkish Antiquities Department and the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara have been conducting excavations in the district of ancient Harran. This expedition has been in the charge of Bay Nuri Göks, Director of the Hittite Museum, Ankara, and Mr. Seion Lloyd, Director of the Institute; and see *figs. below* a report of their findings.

THE expedition has recently completed a two-month season of excavating, and is now able to report results of the greatest scientific importance. Efforts to locate the famous temple of Sin, the Moon-god of Harran, which was suspected of being situated outside the actual city, brought the expedition to Sultan Tepe, which lies about ten miles from modern Urfa (Edessa), on the old Harran road. The greater part of the season was spent in making preliminary soundings in this remarkable mound, which has hitherto received no attention from archaeologists. Sultan Tepe (Fig. 6), which stands over 165 ft. above the surrounding cultivated plain, represents one of the highest accumulations of occupational debris in the whole North Syrian and Mesopotamian district, and for many thousands of years, previous to the foundation of Edessa, in Hellenistic times, must have been the administrative centre of the Jullab Valley. The new soundings soon located a very large building of the late Assyrian period, occupying the greater part of the summit of the mound, at a height of about 141 ft. from the plain, and having the character either of a palace or a temple. Elsewhere at the summit, the entrance to the citadel was marked by three gigantic column-bases of basalt (Fig. 2), measuring over 6 ft. square, now displaced or

overturned by the erosion of the ground beneath them. In spite of the accumulation of later remains above, the conformation of the mound made it possible partially to clear half-a-dozen chambers of the building, separated by walls about 6½ ft. thick, and in some cases, paved with baked bricks. The great quantity of pottery vessels and other small objects thus obtained made it easy from the beginning to attribute to the building a date somewhere in the seventh or eighth century B.C., and the early discovery in one chamber of a handful of cuneiform tablets confirmed this conclusion. Finally, with only two weeks of the season remaining, a chamber (Figs. 1, 7, 8, 9, 10), apparently outside the area of the actual building, proved again to contain tablets, but this time in very large numbers. A half-circle of large wine-jars seemed to have been arranged against the wall, and the space thus enclosed was stacked with tablets, sculptured vessels and other objects, to a height of about 2 ft. 3 ins. Only a very small section of the hoard could be cleared in the time remaining, on account of the difficulty of handling clay tablets in an unbacked state (Figs. 1 and 10). But even so, the major parts of more than 150 documents were extracted, ranging from small private letters to heavy official records from 6 ins. to 1 ft. long. The hoard was then sealed (Fig. 9) and the archive, whose extent is unknown, will remain to be finally cleared at some future date. Above the Assyrian building appeared traces of occupation, first in Hellenistic and then in Roman times. The Roman occupation appeared to be of extremely long duration and of a richness and extent somewhat surprising in view of its proximity to Edessa. From a modest beginning the settlement evidently reached its maximum prosperity in the late

(Continued on opposite page.)

(Continued.) second or early third century A.D., where the occupation was characterised by the use of fine terra sigillata pottery. An attempt, during the first weeks of the season, to investigate a moon-shrine at the village of Agapi Yarımece, where a stele dedicated to Sin of Harran had been found in 1949, was thwarted by the great depth to which the Assyrian remains were here buried beneath later rebuildings of the shrine by the Sabians. The stele itself proved to have been preserved and re-erected in Roman times. The final rebuilding of the shrine by the Sabians was dated to the ninth century A.D. by a hoard of Islamic pottery vessels, one of which bore a Kufic inscription. Back in Ankara, the 150 tablets extracted from the hoard discovered at Sultan Tepe are being catalogued and examined by Dr. O. R. Gurney, F.S.A., the Oxford Assyriologist, and Dr. Mustafa Seliş, on behalf of the Department of Antiquities in Turkey. These experts have now examined about sixty of the tablets. They prove to be a library of standard texts, similar to those accumulated by the later Assyrian kings at Nineveh. While the majority of the works are of a religious or mythological character, there are also a number of

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 6. ONE OF "THE HIGHEST ACCUMULATIONS OF OCCUPATIONAL DEBRIS IN THE NORTH SYRIAN AND MESOPOTAMIAN DISTRICT," PREVIOUSLY UNEXAMINED BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS: THE 165-FT.-HIGH MOUND.

(Continued.) vocabularies and lists. Just come to light are portions of the Creation Legend of Tiamat; but even more important is an extract from the Epic of Gilgamesh, equivalent to the first two columns of the eighth tablet of the Nineveh series, and containing the lamentation of Gilgamesh for his dead friend, Enkidu. It is expected that this tablet will make possible the restoration of the greater part of the first column, which has been represented so far only by disconnected fragments. From the scribal notes, or colophons, present on many of the tablets, and usually giving the title of the document, the scribe's name and the date, it may become possible to explain when and why this library came to be assembled and to identify the site. One spurious has already provided a date, 674 B.C., but this appears on a business document, found in another part of the site. There are indications that the library may be of somewhat later date than this. Thus the scene of these discoveries, Sultan Tepe, notwithstanding its distance (about 15 miles) from medieval Harran, may well mark the site of one of the temples of the Harranian moon-cult. In any case, this first glimpse of a portion only of the first fruits gathered by this expedition is a happy augury for further Anglo-Turkish collaboration.

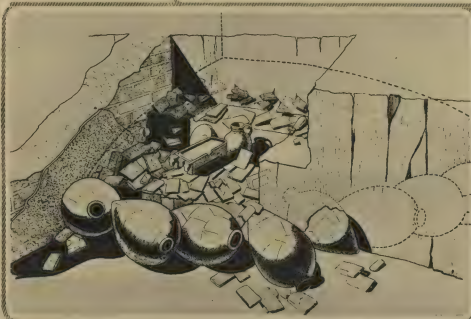
FIG. 7. THE ASSYRIAN "LIBRARY" FOUND NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE SULTAN TEPE MOUND: A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH OF THE FIND, SHOWN *IN SITU* IN FIG. 8.

FIG. 8. THE "LIBRARY" AS IT WAS FOUND, ENCLOSED IN A HALF-CIRCLE OF LARGE WINE-JARS. AMONG THE TABLETS IS A STONE OFFERING-TABLE.



FIG. 9. FRAGILE UNBACKED CUNEIFORM TABLETS LYING IN THE SOIL AT SULTAN TEPE, WITH A MATCHBOX ABOVE TO GIVE THE SCALE.



FIG. 10. THE TABLETS (FIG. 9) WERE EXTREMELY FRAGILE AND THE TASK OF EXTRACTING THEM SAFELY FROM THE SOIL AND DEBRIS CALLED FOR GREAT CARE.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE COMMON EEL: A WONDER FISH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE first time I handled a live eel was in the summer of 1918, before Cambrai. The cavalry had gone through and we had the advantage of a few hours' rest before going on to find out where they had gone. Our billets were in the out-houses of a moated château. Walking round the moat that afternoon I saw an eel living in the brilliant sunshine on a grassy ledge, several feet above the water. It was quite motionless, and my memory of it was that it was some 3 ft. long. I picked it up and had walked several yards with it, when it suddenly came to life, slipped from my hand on to the grass, and started to make off towards the water, too late. That evening it was eaten, jellied, a welcome addition to the hard tack, judging by the faces of those I watched eating it. Since that day, my acquaintance with eels has improved slightly, as live animals in aquaria, as museum specimens, as pictures in text-books and as things anglers sometimes catch. As regards the last, I have assisted sufficiently often in the task of unravelling a tangle of eel and line to know the strength of the body muscles of this fish; but I was not prepared for the antics witnessed recently.

To see eels climbing walls is something worth waiting for. We had been told to look out for it around the brickwork of the sluices beside the mill. For a time nothing happened. Then an eel came to the surface and swam backwards and forwards along the brickwork. Suddenly it made a swimming jump and wriggled its way up several bricks before falling back into the water. The next one to try was larger; it managed to push its head into a cavity between two bricks. Then, feeling with its tail, it found another hole just below where the head was lodged, and pushed that in. Disengaging the head, it stretched its body up and sought another hold. In this it was unsuccessful, and after a good deal of striving, partly supported by the tail-hold, and partly held by pressure of the body against the bricks, it fell back into the water.

There were, of course, many attempts made, both on this and other occasions that we watched. In fact, they were so numerous that we assumed either an incredibly large eel population in the stream or continuous and almost daily attempts on the part of each eel to climb over the sluices. In all cases the pattern of the attempts was in line with the two described. Rarely did an eel climb the 2 ft. of vertical brickwork and then surmount the slight waterfall caused by leaks in the sluice-gates. Several did, however, and one made its way well up the horizontal brickwork below the sluice-gate, wedged its tail between two bricks, and held on for quite a time, despite the flow of water. The best performance to watch was given by a medium-sized eel which not only put its head between two bricks in the vertical wall, but, after a struggle, disappeared entirely into the crack. Shortly it emerged, tail-first, let its tail dangle and, finding another hole with it, disappeared: this time tail-first. Later, it re-emerged, only to drop back into the water again.

The best climbing achievements remained with a 5-in. eel that was found 5 ft. up a wall, no more than damp, behind the disused mill-wheel. This was rivalled by a smaller individual, 2½ ins. long and ¼ in. thick, that had climbed a

foot of vertical brickwork, 5 ft. of gently-sloping brick, and had reached a foot height on a wooden sluice-gate.



HAVING A WIDE VARIETY OF METHODS OF LOCOMOTION—BY SWIMMING, CLIMBING, GLIDING OVER THE LAND OR BURROWING INTO THE EARTH: THE COMMON EEL, A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ELONGATED BODY WHICH COMPRISES A MUSCLE SYSTEM ENABLING ITS OWNER TO PERFORM TRICKS OF BEHAVIOUR BEYOND THE ABILITY OF THE MORE NORMALLY SHAPED FISH.

In the case of the eel, the fact of the gill chamber having only a small opening to the exterior, so that the gills are kept moist even when out of the water, helps to account for the wide variety of its behaviour.

Photograph by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE EEL: A SERIES SHOWING THE TRANSITION FROM THE LEAF-LIKE LARVA (LEPTOCEPHALUS) TO THE ELVER, OR GLASS EEL. (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.)

From the breeding-ground in the Atlantic south of Bermuda, where the mature eels lay their eggs and die, the leaf-like larvæ make the journey to Europe, taking a little over two years, and as they cross the Atlantic the outline of their body slowly changes, so that they arrive offshore around the coasts of Europe ready to undergo the final metamorphosis into the small cylindrical glass eel.

Photograph by Messrs. Pacht and Crone.

The text-books tell us that eels migrate overland at night, through the damp grass, to find new stretches of water. The ascent of rivers by the elvers coming in from the sea after their journey

from the Western Atlantic is a calendar event in some parts of the country. Those living around the mill assured us that eels could often be seen in the small hours of the morning, in the surrounding meadows. Our searches with electric torches were unfruitful; but this did not make us sceptical. After watching the many acrobatic performances, one can believe almost anything of an eel in the matter of locomotion and persistent wanderings.

Eels always have been objects of mystery, largely because of their wandering habits, and it was not until a little more than twenty years ago that the mystery of their breeding habits was cleared up, in part at least. Pliny suggested that eels have no sex, but rub themselves against rocks, scraping pieces off themselves which then come to life. Other fantastic theories were that they grew from the hairs of horses that fell into the water; that they sprang from the dews of May mornings; and that their progenitor was a small beetle. This

last theory was propounded as late as 1862! It was Dr. Johannes Schmidt, a Dane, who finally found out where they breed. The story must by now be fairly familiar, how towards autumn the yellow eels cease to feed, grow larger eyes, thinner lips, sharper snouts and more pointed pectoral fins, and make their way down to the sea as silver eels. This takes place all over Europe. Then begins the long journey across 3000 miles of Atlantic Ocean (making a 4000-mile trip for those in Eastern Europe). Arriving at a point south of Bermuda, they spawn and die. From each egg hatches a leaf-shaped larva, known as the leptocephalus. The larvæ make their way eastwards, taking a little over two years to reach the shores of Europe, where they change into elvers, or glass eels, and start their final trip up the rivers, surmounting obstacles, travelling overland if need be to reach lakes—and moats. The elvers later become the yellow eels, and after eight to ten years' feeding, or longer for the females, they make the return Atlantic trip, never to come back.

Part of the secret of the eel's amphibious antics lies in the structure of its gills, which are enclosed in a pouch, with only a small opening to the exterior. Thus they are prevented from rapid drying when out of the water so that eels can stand a longer stay out of water than most fishes. There must be, however, some subsidiary method of breathing. This, it is thought, is through the skin.

We have called the eel (*Anguilla anguilla*) the common eel. Common and familiar, and held somewhat in contempt—except when jellied. Yet it seems to have conquered everything but the air: it can travel by sea, in fresh water and overland, and is not above burrowing into the ground, in the river bank. If it were not common, we should make a great story of it, as we do of the mud-skipper of the tropics, merely because it can come out on land and, by dipping it in the water, breathe through its tail. The performance of our common and familiar eel is certainly more remarkable.

AT "THE MODEL ENGINEER" EXHIBITION: MINIATURE MARVELS OF THIS MODERN AGE.

Our readers will remember that we illustrated in our issue of August 25 some of the most striking exhibits at "The Model Engineer" Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, which closes to-day (September 1). Here we show some of the displays given at intervals throughout each day of the exhibition and a remarkable model by Dr. Rex Stansfeld of the S.S. *Port Brisbane*. This vessel has been built exactly to scale and the hull is constructed of plates similar in type to those used in full-scale construction. All the internal fittings and machinery on each deck are to scale and the model is believed to be the first

[Continued below.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST MODEL CONSTRUCTED IN SUCH DETAIL TO FLOAT ON HER DESIGNED WATERLINE AND OPERATE LIKE A REAL SHIP: THE MODEL OF THE S.S. *PORT BRISBANE*, WHICH IS CONTROLLED BY SUBMARINE SOUND TRANSMISSIONS.



SHOWING THE BATTERIES AND APPARATUS USED TO CONTROL THE MODEL: THE HULL OF THE S.S. *PORT BRISBANE*, WHICH PERFORMS VARIOUS EVOLUTIONS IN THE MARINE TANK.



MOTOR RACING BY SCALE MODELS: THE MINIATURE GRAND PRIX COURSE AT "THE MODEL ENGINEER" EXHIBITION, SHOWING TWO B.R.M. CARS AND A MASERATI.

Continued.]

constructed in such detail to float on her designed waterline and to operate like a real ship. Controlled by submarine sound transmissions, the model has been demonstrated in the Marine Tank, coming to anchor, weighing anchor, manoeuvring into dock and discharging cargo. Another display given in the Marine Tank, itself probably the finest of its type ever constructed, is the sinking of the



A REALISTIC DEMONSTRATION BY MEANS OF RADIO CONTROL: A LINER SINKING AFTER AN EXPLOSION, WHILE AN AIRCRAFT FLIES OVERHEAD. ONE OF THE MANY DISPLAYS GIVEN IN THE MARINE TANK AND ARRANGED TO BE VIEWED AT EYE-LEVEL TO ENHANCE THE SCALE EFFECT.



SHOWING THE CENTRAL DEMONSTRATION AREA AND (IN BACKGROUND) THE MARINE TANK: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION, WITH ENTHUSIASTS OF ALL AGES CROWDING ROUND THE STANDS.

liner *Egypt*. This sea tragedy of 1922 is re-enacted by means of radio control and the model is "set on fire," heels over and sinks. The exhibition has also seen the first presentation of Miniature Grand Prix motor racing. The models of B.R.M., Maserati, Alfa-Romeo, and other types of racing cars, compete with each other, three at a time, at scale speeds of over 1000 m.p.h.

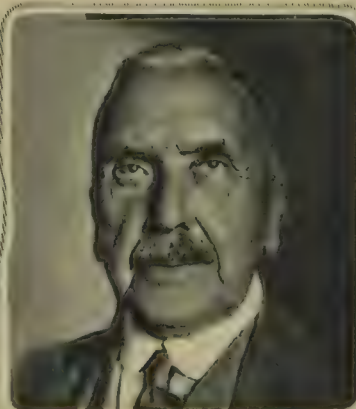
PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**LORD MORTON OF HENRYTON.**

Appointed chairman of the Royal Commission to inquire into the Law of Marriage and Divorce. Lord Morton was called to the Bar, 1912; he served in the Highland Light Infantry in the 1914-18 War and returned to the Bar in 1919. He was a Lord Justice of Appeal, 1944-47, and became a Lord of Appeal-in-Ordinary in 1947.

**SIR HUGH FOOT**

Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica since April this year, has had to deal with the aftermath of the worst hurricane that has ever hit the island. As soon as possible he visited the most seriously affected districts and organised assistance; he also opened a relief fund. Photographs of Kingston appear on pages 326 and 327.

**SIR ERNEST CLARK**

Died on August 26, aged eighty-seven. Sir Ernest Clark, who entered the Civil Service in 1884, was an expert on taxation. His many important posts included that of Secretary to the Treasury, Northern Ireland (1921-25). He was a member of the Australian Economic Mission, 1928-29, and was Governor of Tasmania, 1933-45.



WINNER OF THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1951, AT PRESTWICK ON AUGUST 25: NEVILL DUNN, OF PRUDOE, AGED SEVENTEEN. Nevill Dunn, seventeen-year-old golfer of Prudoe, beat M. S. R. Lunt, of Moseley, in the final of the Boys' Golf Championship at Prestwick. He gave a brilliant display of golf. Having ended the first round three down to his opponent, he first squared the match and then went on to win by 6 and 5. He had an average of 4's for thirteen holes, in bad weather conditions, and ended by holing a chip to win.

LORD DUGAN.

Died on August 17, aged seventy-four. As Sir Winston Dugan he was Governor of South Australia from 1934-39 and Governor of Victoria, Australia, from 1939-49. In 1947 he was Acting Governor-General of Australia, and was created a Baron in 1949. After enlisting, on impulse, in the Guards, and serving in the ranks for nearly four years, he was commissioned in the Lincolnshire Regiment in 1900 and was subsequently promoted to Major-General.

**DR. JOHN WHITE.**

Died on August 20, aged eighty-three. The first Moderator of the United Church of Scotland in 1929, for many years he was Minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow. He devoted himself to the cause of Church Union, and his distinguished services greatly enriched Scottish church and public life throughout the past half-century. In 1935 the King conferred on him a Companionship of Honour, which was a unique distinction for a Scottish churchman.



TO RETURN TO ENGLAND QUITE SOON: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, SEEN WITH LADY CRIPPS AND HIS SON AND DAUGHTER, OUTSIDE THE CLINIC IN ZURICH.

It is with great pleasure that the news has been received in England that Sir Stafford Cripps will soon be fit enough to return to this country. Doctors at the clinic where he has been under treatment for a tubercular infection of the spine have spoken of his "complete recovery." Sir Stafford flew to Switzerland on November 11 last year after resigning as Chancellor of the Exchequer a few weeks previously. He is expected to be home before the end of September.

**SIR FRANCIS EVANS.**

Appointed British Minister to Israel in succession to Sir Alexander Knox Helm. Sir Francis Evans was born in 1897, served in the 1914-18 War in the Royal Irish Rifles, and entered the Consular Service in 1920. He has been *en poste* in the United States and in Panama and was from 1944-50 his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in New York.

**MR. ALEXANDER KERENSKY.**

Mr. A. Kerensky, Prime Minister of Russia for a short period in 1917, recently visited Western Germany. He is understood to be helping to bring political refugees from Eastern Europe into one anti-Communist organisation. According to a report from Stuttgart, he states he is dealing only with democrats as opposed to monarchist groups.

**SIR ALEXANDER KNOX HELM.**

Appointed British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir A. K. Helm has been Minister to Israel since 1949. He entered the Civil Service and was employed in the Foreign Office in 1912. He served in the R.F.A. in the 1914-18 War; became Vice-Consul, Levant Consular Service, 1919; H.M.'s Consul, 1930, and transferred to the Foreign Office.

**LIEUT.-GEN. SIR FREDERICK MORGAN.**

Appointed to succeed Lord Portal as Controller of Atomic Energy. He will take up his duties on October 1. Sir Frederick Morgan, who is fifty-seven, has had a distinguished military career. He was head of the British and U.S. Planning Staff which made the plan for the 1944 Normandy invasion, and was later Deputy Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower.



ASKED TO STAND FOR THE ARGENTINE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY IN NOVEMBER: PRESIDENT PERÓN AND HIS WIFE, MME. EVA PERÓN.

On August 22 the General Confederation of Labour of the Argentine organised a mass demonstration in the Avenida Neve de Julio to ask President Perón and his wife, Mme. Perón, to accept candidature for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively in the November 11 elections, governing the period 1952-58. At the date of writing, they had not published their acceptance, the delay being thought possibly due to Army disapproval of Mme. Perón's candidature.



GATHERING FOR THE DESCENT OF THE LÉPINEUX GULF—THE WORLD'S RECORD VERTICAL DESCENT OF 1253 FT. IN THE BOWELS OF THE PYRENEES.



BELGIAN BOY SCOUTS, MEMBERS OF THE COSYNS EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE LÉPINEUX GULF, LOWERING FRESH WATER SUPPLIES TO THE CAVE EXPLORERS.



PREPARING FOR A DESCENT. LEFT, KEEPING IN TOUCH BY TELEPHONE; CENTRE, THE SPECIAL LOWERING WINCH; RIGHT, TWO OF THE EXPLORERS.

TWO years ago, near the Spanish frontier, a French amateur speleologist (or cave explorer) M. Georges Lépineux, discovered in the Pyrenees an extremely promising cavern, with a gulf which simple tests suggested might be of extreme depth. During August this year a Franco-Belgian expedition, led by the Belgian physicist M. Max Cosyns, arrived in the district to explore the discovery. The gulf itself leads from a circular hole of about 5½ yards diameter and about 33 ft. deep. The expedition set up a special winch, and the honour of making the first descent on Aug. 12 went to M. Lépineux, who wore parachute harness and a miner's hat with lamp attached. He carried with him a

[Continued below.]

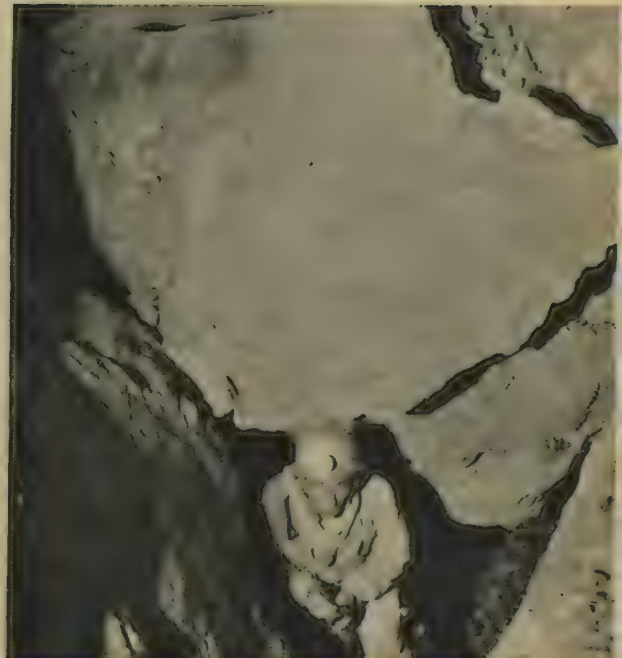
(RIGHT.) IN THE GREAT CAVERN, 1253 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE, M. ERTAUD, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, PHOTOGRAPHS HIMSELF. HE SPENT A NIGHT IN THE CAVERN IN A TEMPERATURE OF 17.6 DEG. FAHRENHEIT.



WET THROUGH DURING THE DESCENT AND WORKING IN A TEMPERATURE OF 17.6 DEG. FAHR., M. ERTAUD TOOK A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, USING AN "OPEN FLASH."



BLINDED BY THE LIGHT OF DAY, M. TAZIEFF RETURNS TO THE SURFACE AFTER MAKING THE 1253-FT. ASCENT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LÉPINEUX GULF.



M. ERTAUD, DURING HIS GRIM VIGIL IN THE GULF, WAS COMPELLED TO USE HIMSELF AS A FIGURE TO GIVE SOME SORT OF SCALE TO HIS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CAVERN.

A WORLD'S RECORD FOR A VERTICAL DROP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH: THE DESCENT OF THE LÉPINEUX GULF.

[Continued.]

telephone, and descending at the rate of 3 ft. every six seconds, kept in touch continuously. Water was dripping around him, but the descent was vertical

and unbroken for 1253 ft., thus breaking the previous record for a vertical drop of 1033 ft. The gulf is now named, in honour of its discoverer, the Lépineux Gulf.



LAST week on this page I illustrated, among other things, two rare, sophisticated and graceful porcelain groups from the factory at Frankenthal in the Palatinate, the first of which was entitled "Harmony in Marriage," and showed a man and a woman obviously very happy in one another's company, the second, "Discord in Marriage," in which two elegant creatures are engaged in a violent quarrel upon a ground strewn with broken bottles. The young man, as is right and proper, is getting the worst of it, and will doubtless go off to bed and wake up feeling sorry for himself and murmuring that it is better to live alone upon a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house. Such minor satirical comments upon the joys and sorrows of humanity are by no means uncommon in popular art, and most of us can call to mind many examples of this kind of subject both in pottery and in prints.

At this moment I am looking at reproductions of two drawings which were made into popular prints in, I think, the 1780's, and fall into this category—"Courtship" and "Matrimony"—by the almost unknown William Williams, whose style is a fairly loud echo of Thomas Rowlandson's (he can scarcely be said to have a personality of his own), and which were engraved in aquatint and sold in the print shops. In the first, a charming young woman is being gallantly helped over a five-barred gate by a young man; in the second, she struggles over by herself—the young man

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FLOWER-HOLDERS AND MORAL REARMAMENT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I prefer to think of the simple-minded unknowns who produced this sort of thing for their equally simple-minded customers as craftsmen who had a lively sense of form and colour, but who enjoyed neither the skill nor the training nor the environment nor the market which would enable them to devise something of greater delicacy.

These groups are of rough Staffordshire pottery, and presumably, to judge by the dress of the figures, were made in the 1820's. They are, by the way, flower-holders, not just groups, and these, and thousands of similar confections, must have brought colour and gaiety into innumerable poor homes.

orange. The technique was one practised in the Rhineland in the seventeenth century, and tradition ascribes its introduction into England to the two brothers Elers, Philip and John, who were of Dutch extraction and came to London about 1690. They are famous in pottery history for their imitation of the dark red Chinese ware known as *boccato*—a tea-pot in the Elers ware at this time of day would be a find indeed, common though it must have been when they first produced it.

A more modern theory, I am told, ascribes the introduction of salt-glaze to seventeenth-century predecessors of Josiah Wedgwood, but I have not yet seen the evidence for this. The technique was finally abandoned as the result of the triumphant success of Wedgwood's bone-china, but was used in some degree up to the end of the eighteenth century. After about 1740, enamel painting over the glaze became popular, and the other illustration (Fig. 3) on this page is of a tea-pot decorated in this manner. If placed in an exhibition of modern pottery, it would probably attract a certain amount of comment, some saying: "What a degenerate age we live in—all this Picasso stuff thrown at our heads!" and others rhapsodising about the beauty and nobility of a pattern which so neatly expresses the incoherence and inconsequence of the New Age.

Pray consider both your indignation and your rapture. This was a little essay in black-and-white by some enterprising unknown working at an unidentified kiln somewhere round the 1780's. Of course, he may have been thinking of fossils or entrails or embryos, or he may have merely painted what he thought was his soul. The next day he probably went off and painted sweet little dicky-birds on a dozen pink



FIG. 1. A FLOWER-HOLDER IN THE FORM OF A GROUP OF COLOURED STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY C. 1820. "THE MOVEMENT OF THE TWO FIGURES IS VERY NEATLY OBSERVED."

These groups of rough Staffordshire pottery and thousands of similar pieces "must have brought colour and gaiety into innumerable poor homes," writes Frank Davis when describing them in this article. Brighton Art Gallery, Willett Collection.



FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING "THE ODDLY ENGAGING POINT OF VIEW OF THE UNLETTERED": A FLOWER-HOLDER IN THE FORM OF A GROUP OF COLOURED STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY.

The moral pointed by the Staffordshire pottery groups illustrated is one of their amusing features, and no doubt the "Tee Total" gentleman in this piece is not actually intended to have a headache caused by tea drinking. Brighton Art Gallery, Willett Collection.

Note, too, that they point an admirable moral. I don't believe that the teetotal gentleman was really intended to have a headache because of his tea-drinking habits—he is, I think, merely posing a trifle self-consciously—the tired brain-worker tottering home, flopping into a chair, and passing a weary hand over his brow. His wife appears to me to be rather a managing woman, and I could wish she was greeting the poor man with a smile, but I dare say the baby has been tiresome. Note the fine flowered waistcoat—an authentic touch this—and the surely imaginary night-marish tea-pot. The whole thing is a very genteel affair indeed; and, on the whole, I prefer the ale-bench piece, in which the movement of the two figures is very neatly observed—the man's legs are so clearly disintegrating into cotton wool, and the woman really is exerting her strength to lift him up. Does this good creature remind you of anybody? Yes, Miss Edith Evans as the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet."

So much for Staffordshire flower-holders, and moral rearmament. Now a word about tea-holders, also from Staffordshire. Fig. 4 is a very rare thing indeed—no, I am not talking about its aesthetic qualities—because it is early as these objects go (about 1740) and has important historical associations. Admiral Vernon is seen on the panel on the left, his flagship *Burford* in the centre. The designer did not know what to do with the panel on the right, so he filled it with a little house and a flower spray after his Chinese model—for such tea-pots as this are copied directly from Chinese originals. It is salt-glaze, as is the other tea-pot shown with it—that is, the glaze is not painted on over the clay, but is produced by throwing salt into the kiln at the climax of firing. The silica in the clay fuses with the salt and produces a hard outer surface pitted rather like the skin of an



FIG. 3. BEARING A STRIKING DESIGN SAID TO BE DERIVED FROM FOSSILS: A TEA-POT ENAMELLED OVER THE GLAZE.

This tea-pot "was a little essay in black-and-white by some enterprising unknown working at an unidentified kiln somewhere round the 1780's." [Exhibited at the Tea Bureau. Collection of the Rev. C. J. Sharp.]

is giving all his attention to his dogs. The two prints are pretty enough, and you might pick them up in any old corner. The engraver is J. Jukes.

The Frankenthal porcelain groups and the prints I have just described belong to a world of elegant playfulness. With the two groups which we illustrate (Figs. 1 and 2), we leave the fashionable world and visit the country market-place, and the cottage chimneypiece. This is the robust, clumsy, naïve but oddly engaging point of view of the unlettered. Superior persons have a habit of tying up such things in a neat parcel and labelling it "Folk Art," a term I detest, because it is so abominably patronising.



FIG. 4. SALT-GLAZED WARE MOULDED WITH THE FIGURE OF ADMIRAL VERNON, HIS FLAGSHIP, ETC.: STAFFORDSHIRE WARE C. 1740.

This is a very rare thing indeed, because it is early as these objects go (about 1740) and has important historical associations. Admiral Vernon is seen on the panel on the left, and his flagship *Burford* in the centre. Brighton Art Gallery, Willett Collection.

tea-pots, not because his ego had been purged of dross the day before, but because his boss told him that dicky-birds would sell quicker.

In another tea-pot, which space does not allow me to illustrate, with its nice little young man playing the flute in a romantic landscape, we have Staffordshire consciously emulating its porcelain models from the better-known factories—Chinese fantasy with memories of a *Fête champêtre* painting by Watteau and his innumerable followers. There is no mistaking the style of this particular painter on tea-pots, but as far as I know his name has not been discovered.

FROM EL GRECO TO GOYA: EDINBURGH'S FESTIVAL SPANISH EXHIBITION.



"CHILDREN SCRAMBLING FOR CHESTNUTS"; BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA. (1746-1828), ONE OF FOUR COMPANION PICTURES OF CHILDREN PLAYING. (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel W. Stirling of Keir.) (12 by 17 ins.)



"A SKETCH: FOUR FIGURES AGAINST A GRASSY BANK"; BY DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ (1599-1660). FORMERLY ASCRIBED TO MAZO. (Lent by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bt.)



"UNKNOWN LADY WITH A FLOWER IN HER HAIR"; BY EL GRECO (1541-1614). (Lent by Viscount Rothermere.) (19½ by 16½ ins.)



"THE SUDARIUM"; BY ZURBARAN (1598-C.1664). THE FACE OF OUR LORD IS DIMLY IMPRINTED UPON ST. VERONICA'S HANDKERCHIEF. (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel W. Stirling of Keir.) (27½ by 20½ ins.)



"MATER DOLOROSA" (OR PERHAPS "PENITENT MAGDALEN"); BY EL GRECO (1541-1614). (Lent by Mrs. Tomas Harris.) (24½ by 16½ ins.)



"ST. TERESA PRAYING"; BY BARTOLOME ESTEBAN MURILLO (1617-1682). FOR MANY YEARS, UNTIL ITS RECENT CLEANING, THIS PICTURE HAD BEEN PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE. IT WAS MENTIONED BY G. F. WAAGEN. (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel William Stirling of Keir.) (27½ by 50½ ins.)



"ST. JOHN BAPTIST"; BY BARTOLOME ESTEBAN MURILLO (1617-1682). THE SUBJECT WAS A FAVOURITE ONE WITH THE ARTIST. (Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.) (55½ by 42 ins.)

Visitors to the Edinburgh Festival will recall the important Rembrandt exhibition held last year at the Scottish National Gallery. This year the Edinburgh Festival Society and the Arts Council of Great Britain have organised a Loan Exhibition of "Spanish Paintings from El Greco to Goya," which opened there on August 19 and will continue until September 8. The works on view, which have been selected and introduced by Mr. E. K. Waterhouse, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, include one painting graciously lent by H.M. the King, and works from many great private collections. The nucleus of the display consists of the Spanish paintings originally collected by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell,

one of the great pioneers in the study of Spanish painting and author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." His collection is now divided between his son, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, and his grandson, Lieut.-Colonel William Stirling of Keir, and both have generously lent a number of paintings.

The World of the Theatre.

UPON THE CLIFF.

By J. C. TREWIN.

It was at the pause between seasons, with the theatre's summer programme—which this year had been its Festival programme—almost over and the autumn season not yet begun. That morning I had seen it announced that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, would end at its 130th performance—the third longest revival of the "Dream" in stage record. The cast, it was said cheerfully, had so far been forced indoors on only five nights.

Outside the window, when I read this, rain smothered land and sea. It was not a hearty, no-nonsense downpour, with lashing rods of rain, but

Mark of Cornwall or Gurmun of Ireland), a line of battlements, various pillars. But more remarkable than this is the other permanent setting: the Atlantic. Immediately behind the Minack stage the cliff falls to the sea. When the company appears, it is set against a great waste of water—water that can lie in flat, blue-green calm like oiled silk, or turn silver-bright under the moon, or lie heaving and molten on a black night, or rise to a white-capped thunder-surge (on days when the Minack is not normally in use).

The blur of the Lizard is far away: at night, on the horizon, the silver sword of the Light cuts the sky.

This, then, was the extraordinary theatre that we found on an evening settling now to peace. Pathswere muddy, granite glistening, grass

worry. Night came down; light faded from sky and sea. During the last act and until the very end, when the moon appeared for the union of the dead lovers in Brittany, the floodlit Minack stage seemed to be carved out of the blackness: a blackness echoing with the sound of the sea that beats for ever behind the tale of Tristan and the Princess-and-Queen who, in this version based on French sources, is called Iseut.

The play did not disgrace its high-romantic setting. Mrs. Nora Ratcliff has been content to relate the Tristan legend simply and well: the story cannot fail, and the dramatist—though at need she produces a good mouth-filling phrase—has not riotously emperpured it. Here and there, maybe, she could have said more. Where we wanted action she offered an eye-witness report (just as in "The Winter's Tale" the ultimate reunion of Leontes and Perdita, which we have longed to see, is described to us, not presented). But the new "Tristan" has a straight-thrusting, vigorous quality: Mrs. Ratcliff can even manoeuvre a Chorus without worrying us unduly. In this theatre, remote on its cliff at, so it appeared, the world's end, it would have been a poor play to fail utterly. A cast of West



A SUCCESSFUL LONDON REVUE WHICH REACHES ITS 900TH PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1: "KNIGHTS OF MADNESS" AT THE VICTORIA PALACE, STARRING THE CRAZY GANG, SEEN HERE (L. TO R.) NERVO, GOLD, KNOX, FLANAGAN AND NAUGHTON, IN THE HOLIDAY CAMP SCENE FROM JACK HYLTON'S REVUE.

a cotton-wool smother of drizzle, something that was half-rain, half-sea-mist. Determinedly it blanketed the day. You could not say hopefully that it was easing; like a wet feather-bed, it flopped mournfully on the morning and squeezed the life from it. And there, sitting indoors with only a glass pane between myself and the dripping world, I read about open-air theatres, tranquil evenings, the summer scent of dry grass, the moths in the beam, the verse that hung upon the cheek of night, the attendant moon. . . .

Someone said: "What do we do this evening?" and someone else replied, "We put on our macintoshes and walk from A to B—or B to A." She shivered; and I felt for a moment superior and sympathetic, for that night I was going to an Open Air Theatre. It must have been about then that the foghorn sounded loudly.

Later that day, with rain still matting the coast, we set off upon a circuitous drive that would end in the very toe of West Cornwall. Our destination, the Minack Theatre at Porthcurno, a few miles from Land's End; the play, "Tristan of Cornwall," to be presented in the open air—and not merely in the open, but on a cliff as well—by an amateur cast. It seemed to be a highly eccentric expedition; I was quite prepared for the evening to fizzle indoors, in some improvised theatre, some parish hall, and I found myself quoting (with a certain rich ghoulish pleasure) Hardy's lines that open "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall":

I come, at your persuasive call,
To raise up in this modern hall
A tragedy of dire, duress
That vexed the Land of Lyonesse.

Admirable, but it seemed hardly the evening for these "passions, hopes and fears, sunk into shade these thousand years," and in any event the text was not Hardy's.

Half an hour passed. Suddenly we were aware that the rain had stopped. Someone had lifted the feather-bed. The air sparkled. We could see across the Bay, and in front of us was the "great vision of the guarded Mount" itself. Above St. Michael's hung a rainbow. Too late, of course: no one, after a day like that, would spend the evening damply upon a cliff-edge. But we were wrong. When, within twenty-five minutes, we reached the village of Porthcurno, there were guides to point the way to the cliff: no "modern hall" for this "Tristan," but crag and wave and gull.

Presently, below us, lay the Minack Theatre, the most surprising in the kingdom. The seats are tiered on a cliff-side above a crescent-shaped turf stage between great granite masses. There is a permanent setting on the stage itself—a solid throne (useful for

and bracken soaked. But there was a last flicker of watery sun upon the immense cyclorama of the waves and the Court of Gurmun of Ireland had come to take its place on the crescent-stage. After this we did not



SET IN AN UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR: "THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN," SHOWING (L. TO R.) JAY STEWART (LAUNCE MARASCHAL), BERT HUTCHINS (HARTLEY POWER) AND MISS TIPTON (DOREEN RICHARDS) IN A SCENE FROM THIS PLAY BY DALTON TRUMBO, WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE NEW BOLTONS TO THE DUCHESS THEATRE.



A PLAY WHICH "HARDLY FULFILLS ITS EARLY PROMISE": "FIRES OF MIDSUMMER EVE" (RECENTLY AT THE EMBASSY), SHOWING LAURENCE PAYNE AS GEORG AND YVONNE MITCHELL AS MARIKKE. OUR CRITIC DESCRIBES YVONNE MITCHELL'S PERFORMANCE AS SUPERB AND SAYS THAT "MANAGERS SHOULD HAVE REALISED BY NOW THAT HERE IS A MAJOR ACTRESS OF THE FUTURE."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FIRES OF MIDSUMMER EVE" (Embassy).—Sudermann's melodrama, which hardly fulfils its early promise, had one superb performance: the tormented Marikke of Yvonne Mitchell. (August 7.)
"THE POLYGAMIST" (New Lindsey).—A limp farce about a tangle of husbands and wives. (August 8.)
"TRISTAN OF CORNWALL" (Minack, Porthcurno).—Nora Ratcliff's Tristan play, for the Cornish Drama Festival, was staged worthily by an amateur cast in the cliff theatre not far from Land's End. (August 9.)
"VARIETY" (Palladium).—Tony Martin sings, Pinky Lee dances, "Jackie" hand-balances, and Florence Desmond mimics. (August 13.)
"THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN" (Duchess).—The cheerful Dalton Trumbo comedy, set in an undertaker's parlour, is transferred from the New Boltons, with Hartley Power. (August 14.)
"RIGHT SIDE UP" (Arts).—A muddling affair about a Boy who lives in a tree, a Girl who lives in Soho, and a variety of gangsters. C. E. Webber is the author, and the piece was short-listed in the Arts prize competition. (August 16.)
"THE RECORDED SIN" (Embassy).—A play about Mary Magdalene. (August 21.)

Cornish amateurs acted with fitting appreciation; and one performance—that of Jean Martin as Iseut the Fair, who becomes Queen of Cornwall—had a quite uncommon rightness and grace.

It was in the final moments that a tardy moon shone through the wrack upon the dead lovers; and as the last procession moved over the turf, between the granite baulks and against that wide sea now splintered in silver, the words in my mind were still Hardy's:

. . . As though
Our shadowy and phantasmal show,
Were very movements to and fro
Of forms so far-off gone.

The Minack is not used often: a play must be matched very carefully to such a stage as this—ideal, I would say, for "The Tempest" which, inevitably, has been done there. In future, when I hear of an open-air play or sit at a pastoral performance, I may think not of Regent's Park or college garden, but of that night on a Cornish cliff, when the sea itself was an actor and Tristan moved in his own country.

It was odd to sit after this in a London theatre. True, the piece had some quality—"Fires of Midsummer Eve," adapted from Sudermann by William Stirling and Anthony Spring Rice. The lovers in this sultry drama were drawn together on a night when the pagan midsummer fires flamed on the Prussian-Lithuanian border (it is the year 1888). But fires die;

Marikke and Georg are not destined for any kind of happiness. At the end the play sags. Earlier there have been scenes of some force, though we wait for the rage of a promised storm which lowers but does no more. Again Yvonne Mitchell's intensity held the imagination. Managers should have realised by now that here is a major actress of the future. "Major" is the last epithet one would use for other plays in the seasonal pause: for a curious whimsical-symbolic melodrama at the Arts (gallantly restored after its fire), and for a New Testament drama called "The Recorded Sin" at the Embassy. This turned into a shuffle of stiffly self-conscious tableaux. Not a play, I think, for the Minack.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS AND A DOMINION: NOTABLE EVENTS PICTORIALLY REPORTED.



WINNING THE EIGHTS IN THE EUROPEAN ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT MÂCON, ON THE SAÔNE, ON AUGUST 26: THE BRITISH, CAMBRIDGE GOLDIE CREW. The British crew, an all-Cambridge eight with six Blues in the boat, won the European Eights Championship on the Saône at Mâcon on August 26 in a splendid race, getting up in the last fifty yards to win by half a canvas from Denmark, in 6 mins. 0.44 secs. Holland was third and Yugoslavia fourth.



PASSING SICK AND MAIMED LYING AWAITING A MIRACULOUS CURE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES IN THE TENOS ASSUMPTION DAY PROCESSION. T.M. King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece took part in the Assumption Day procession on the island of Tenos, famous for its deeply revered ikon of the Virgin Mary. On Assumption Day sick persons make a pilgrimage to Tenos from all over Greece in the hopes of a miraculous cure as the procession passes.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH FOLLOWED THE FUNERAL OF SENATOR CHIBAS Y RIVAS, THE CUBAN OPPOSITION LEADER, THROUGH THE STREETS OF HAVANA. On August 16 Senator Chibas y Rivas, the Cuban opposition leader and a vigorous critic of the Government, died, after shooting himself on August 5. His funeral on August 17 was the occasion of a great popular demonstration of sorrow, thousands of people following the funeral cortege.



AFTER THE CARIBBEAN HURRICANE HAD SWEEPED THE GULF OF MEXICO IN ITS TUMULTUOUS PATH WESTWARD: TAMPICO, ON THE EAST COAST. The Caribbean hurricane which caused such devastation in Jamaica on August 17 swept on westward across Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, causing damage at Tampico, on the east coast of Mexico, estimated at between £160,000 and £208,000. The heaviest damage was to houses along the waterfront.



HAVING A CHIEFTAIN'S HEAD-DRESS OF FEATHERS PLACED ON HIS HEAD: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER, WHO WAS NAMED "CHIEF PIT-O-TO-KON." Soon after his return by air from England, Field Marshal Lord Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, made a tour of Western Canada. At Lethbridge, Alberta, he was made an Indian chief. First he had to tell the Indian braves all about his most perilous adventure. After they had approved of the episode they



ANOTHER PART OF THE INITIATION: AN INDIAN BRAVE DAUBING RED WAR-PAINT ON FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER'S FACE WHEN HE BECAME AN INDIAN CHIEF. made him their brother by making him "Chief Pit-O-To-Kon" ("Eagle Head"). Lord Alexander is the first white man in history to become a member of the blood Indian tribe through what is known as the Indian transfer of head-dress ceremony. Afterwards he smoked a pipe of peace.

U.S.S. "WISCONSIN" AGROUND; THE AMMAN TRIAL; NICKEL'S BICENTENARY.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BATTLESHIPS, THE U.S.S. *WISCONSIN*, GOES AGROUND OFF THE END OF 79TH STREET, NEW YORK. TUGS PUSHED HER OFF THE MUDBANK. On August 22, the 45,000-ton U.S. battleship, *Wisconsin*, moored in the Hudson River near the 79th Street Pier in New York, broke a mooring cable, which had been weakened by the storms of the night, and drifted on to a mudbank. Tugs were called for and after a two-hour towing operation, watched by thousands of spectators on the Manhattan and New Jersey shores, the battleship was refloated without damage and was taken to Brooklyn for examination. It will be recalled that her sister-ship *Missouri* was aground for a month in January, 1950.



GENERAL JOHN GLUBB PASHA (BY MICROPHONE, RIGHT) GIVING EVIDENCE DURING THE TRIAL AT AMMAN OF THOSE CHARGED WITH THE ASSASSINATION OF KING ABDULLAH. As reported in our last issue, the trial of those charged with complicity in the assassination of King Abdullah opened before a military court on August 18. Eight of the accused were in custody, the two ring-leaders (being in Egypt) being tried *in absentia*. The case for the prosecution ended on August 21, that



DR. MUSA ABDULLAH EL HUSSEINI, A COUSIN OF THE EX-MUFTI OF JERUSALEM AND ONE OF THOSE CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF KING ABDULLAH, GIVING EVIDENCE. for the defendants on August 26. One of the accused, Dr. Musa Abdullah el Hussein, asked for a private interview with the President of the court "on an important matter," and it was understood that he would produce two confessions which would give a new turn to the case.



LIKE A MASTERPIECE BY VAN MIERIS: "THE DISCOVERY OF NICKEL"; A SCALE MODEL OF CRONSTEDT'S LABORATORY, MADE TO COMMEMORATE THE DISCOVERER'S BICENTENARY. This remarkable scale model by Mr. F. Broun-Morison was made for the Mon Nickel Co. It represents the laboratory of Axel Fredrik Cronstedt, a Swedish mineralogist who discovered nickel in 1751, and is part of his bicentenary commemorations. It is being displayed on the Mond Nickel Stand at the Engineering Marine and Welding Exhibition at Olympia (August 30 to September 12), and is to be shown in the United States before reaching its ultimate destination, the Science Museum, South Kensington. The open measurements are only 22 ins. by 7 ins., but some hundreds of duly authenticated items are included. The chemical apparatus and furnace equipment were produced from records in the British Museum and the Science Library of the Royal Institution, and the clothing was made from illustrations and drawings supplied by the Swedish National Museum. The laboratory portrays the period which separated 1000 years of alchemy from the beginning of scientific chemistry. The hanging alligator, the skulls and the elaborate stills are present, but so are volumes of papers presented before the recently-formed learned societies of Europe. The infinite care which characterises every detail of the model is illustrated by the fact that a spider's web was constructed of nylon and placed in the corner of the high window. The "glassware" was made from "Perspex," and the white heat of ore under the blowpipe flame is convincingly portrayed.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

Of course, all novels must be artificial; all are made up, out of the common properties of life. But also, as a rule, they are "about something," or, in another customary phrase, have something to say. To take a simple case, they may transcribe the author's own past. This "real" factor varies in significance and kind from book to book; and correspondingly, the artifice may be a shell of method, or it may be everything.

"My Cousin Rachel," by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is artifice unmixed, or, if you like it better, pure story-telling. Which need not in the least imply a want of merit. One might go farther and assert that the exclusion of reality can work like a charm. "My Cousin Rachel" might have been a new "Rebecca," but the story would not permit.

And yet it has a suitable appearance. Philip, the narrator, has been brought up by his cousin Ambrose, who is all the world to him. Ambrose, in turn, is dead to everything except his Cornish house, his duties as a landlord, and his young heir. Women he can't abide, and men, other than tenants and dependants, he has no use for. The boy takes after him and learns his creed, and they are like twin souls.

Then, just as Philip has grown up, his cousin is condemned to winter in a dry climate. On his third year abroad he falls in with "my cousin Rachel," a remote connection half-Italian by birth, who has a villa outside Florence. Next comes the news that they are married. Then a long silence—an incoherent scrawl hinting at machinations—and a last heart-cry. Philip goes rushing out to Florence, too late. Ambrose has died in that abominable villa, and the "countess" has gone away.

Of course, he vows a deep revenge upon his cousin's "murderess." But equally of course, when she appears in Cornwall he is stunned and spellbound. This Rachel would not hurt a fly; she can explain everything, and, anyhow, it would be blasphemy to doubt her. But, once again of course, when he is thoroughly enslaved the monstrous doubt rears its head. . . .

I don't mind all this obvious arrangement; it is part of the genre. But then it should lead up to something. Rachel should be disclosed as an incarnate fiend or an unhappy innocent, and that with a bang; at least, there should be some electrifying disclosure. Let her, by hook or crook, preserve her secret to the last—but not after the last. Here, with misguided subtlety, it has been left in the air, and this is done by the inclusion of "impossibles." On such a questionable route to an unwished-for goal, the writer's talent and spirit, forceful as they are, can hardly take one along.

"The False Start," by Jean-Baptiste Rossi (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.), is very definitely about something. The jacket says it is about "the conflict between the rules imposed by a conventional upbringing and the demands of life"—and that will do quite nicely to begin with. Denis, the hero, is a turbulent but pious boy of fourteen. Though kept in every Thursday during term, he takes Communion three times a week and struggles against "impure thoughts." Neither his Jesuit masters nor his loving parents teach him anything about sex or life; he does no work in school, for nobody has taught him how; and he is not allowed to read anything. In this state of resentful and aggressive ignorance he makes his unlucky start; he falls in love with a young nun, and she with him. In spite of Sister Clothilde's twenty-eight years, there is no real disparity of age, since they are both "unborn." Their parents and society at large have tried to keep them unborn; they found no life in their religion—but it has come at last, and how can they reject life? Life is the priceless thing, and neither God nor duty should prevail against it. They don't reach this conclusion at a bound, or without guilt and conflict, but having once arrived they dig in their heels. The world is persecuting them in vain. There is a bad start—thanks to the world, which doggedly refused to teach them—but they will start together.

This book was written by a lad of sixteen. So you may guess that what it is about—I mean its "real" factor—is not a young nun's passion for a schoolboy. All through, the love affair remains an idyll, and Sister Clothilde a tender shepherdess. The real part is the manifesto, the emphatic doctrine of life, the rational, accusing self-pity. It is intelligent, though rather in a void, and proudly serious. It shows a good deal of talent. But it is not exceedingly precocious.

"Late Final," by Lewis Gibbs (Dent; 9s. 6d.), has also, and predominantly, something to say. It says: Suppose the worst came to the worst . . . ? The time is "about 1960." The narrator has spent ten years in a Siberian prison camp. Then suddenly he is returned by parachute to English soil.

At first the country looks unchanged. But then a ghastliness creeps in, and he perceives the truth. England is dead; it has been smashed to pulp—not even occupied, but simply finished. London is an enormous desert. The surviving English live in small groups, working the land and fighting off marauders, as in the Dark Ages. The hero stumbles on a manor house, where he is taken in and given a new life, even a calm and happy life—but not for long. One evil hour destroys his little England, and his last hope on earth.

This is an admirable little book in style and treatment; really it should have more space. There are, I think, objections to the subject, from two points of view, and one may say the "answer" is tacked on. But then it is an answer, just as in the Dark Ages.

Most of "Bare Bodkin," by Francis Gérard (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is told "in the confessional" by Dr. Elizabeth Marlowe to a sage old friend. It deals with the surprising unanimity of hatred which surrounded Basher Cane, the famous cricketer and a child of fortune, on a certain night of his life. Basher had no one but himself to thank for this concatenation, which produced two murderers. Dr. Marlowe knows one; her problem is to spot the other.

Nowadays it is rare for the detective novel to produce a new idea. This story has a most ingenious one, which yields an ending equally delightful and unexampled. And yet it is a story, not just a box of tricks.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

NONE of my articles have aroused so much interest as the two I devoted to the Blackmar Gambit about a year ago. For all his innate conservatism, the average Briton has a great love of the bizarre—that is what makes us such collectors for instance—and the fact that this gambit is practically ignored by all the world's leading players and authors imbues it with magical charm.

When I came upon the following game by E. J. Diemer, the resuscitator of the Blackmar, I realised at once that I must pass it on to you.

DIEMER	SUTTERER	DIEMER	SUTTERER
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. B-QB4	B-Kt2
2. P-K4	P×P	7. Kt-K5	Castles
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	8. Castles	QKt-Q2
4. P-B3	P×P	9. B-KKt5	Kt-Kt3
5. Kt×P	P-KKt3		

His opponent having sacrificed a pawn for an attack, Black would normally seize every chance to exchange, but here 9. . . Kt×Kt; 10. P×Kt, Q×Q; 11. QR×Q, Kt-Kt5; 12. B×KP followed by B×R would be unpleasant for him.

White, with five pieces in good play against Black's tally of only three pieces developed, and those none too aggressively, has ample compensation for the pawn.

10. B-Kt3	P-B3	13. Kt-K4	Kt×Kt
11. Q-Q3	Kt(Kt3)-Q4	14. R×Kt	P-B3!
12. QR-Kt	B-K3		

Diemer is beginning to suffer for his enthusiasm for a lost cause. Knowing his devotion to the Blackmar, his opponents are beginning to prepare for it. In a previous game, Black played here 14. . . B-B4? and was slaughtered: 15. R×B, P×R; 16. R-KR4, etc. Sutterer has burnt some midnight oil over the position and found that 14. . . P-B3 is much better.

15. Kt×KP	P×B	17. R(B1)-K1
16. R×B	P×Kt	

Avoiding exchanges and threatening 18. R×KP! (Black's knight would then be pinned!)

17. R-B2	19. Q-B4
18. R×KtP	K-B1

Something had to be done about the threats of 19. . . Kt-B5 or 19. Kt-Kt5. White is critically placed. Black should now play 19. . . B-B3!

	19. Q-B2?	23. Q-R3ch	K-Kt1
20. P-Kt3	Q-Kt3	24. R×KP	Q-Kt4
21. P-B3	P-K4	25. P-B4	Q-Kt3
22. Q-R4!	R-Q1	26. R-K4	

Of course not 26. P×Kt? Q×Pch and . . . Q×R.

26. K-R2	29. P-R4	R-B7ch	
27. R×KtP	B×Pch	30. K-R3	B×P
28. K-Kt2	K-R3	31. R-K6ch	Kt-B3

Black now threatens, as well as 32. B×Q, a speedy mate starting with 32. . . R-R7ch! 33. K×R, Q-B7ch. He is happily placed in every respect save one: his careful defence has cost him so much time that he has only a few seconds left for his next nine moves.

32. Q×B!	R×Q	34. P-B5	Q-Kt5
33. R×Ktch	K-R2	35. B-K6?	!

Diemer should have been satisfied with a draw (by perpetual check with his rooks, which Black cannot evade). With colossal nerve he trades on his opponent's time-trouble to force a win.

Black should have won by 35. . . R-R7ch; 36. K×R, Q-Kt7ch and 37. . . Q×R, but played 35. . . Q-Q7? and after 36. B-B5ch, which forces mate, resigned.

of black puffs. "Our ack-ack gunnery is pretty poor," muttered one distinguished naval officer. "Perhaps," said an air liaison officer dryly, "on the whole it is a good thing. That happens to be the Jersey Airways afternoon service!" I am reminded of this doubtless no more than *ben trovato* story by "The Bailiwick of Jersey," by G. R. Balleine (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), an excellent guide to that delectable island which air transport has brought so close. It deals with the historical, architectural and archaeological treasures of the island in a way which is always interesting, and even if the description of the book as "indispensable" may be accepted as publisher's licence, it is certainly most valuable.

"Indispensable," however, is the adjective which must be applied to "Flies of the British Isles," by Colyer and Hammond (Warne; 30s.), for it is the only work of its kind on British diptera, or two-winged flies. "Indispensable," that is to say, if you are interested in flies. I was once an ardent lepidopterist, but I fear I must be put in the class of whom the authors record a little sadly, "flies have not caught the popular fancy in the same way as butterflies, moths, beetles and dragonflies." However, I must admit that the book is extremely interesting, beautifully illustrated, and if I were a dipterist would, I feel sure, excite me madly.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

A FAMOUS "WHODUNNIT."

THE reconstruction of famous cases of the past is always, I think, a fascinating pursuit. The fact that the actors in these tragedies (or sometimes comedies) were men or women of flesh and blood and not a figment of a novelist's imagination, must lend an added interest. When there is a vast question mark hanging over a case so that it remains for ever a "whodunnit," it becomes doubly intriguing. Mr. Peter Hunt, as his earlier book on the Madeleine Smith affair showed, is an expert in the reassembly of old causes. He could scarcely have found better material for his latest book, "The Great Suspect" (Carroll and Nicholson; 12s. 6d.), than in the case of Oscar Slater. On December 21, 1908, during a short few minutes while her maid was out on an errand, somebody battered an old lady, Miss Marion Gilchrist, to death with appalling savagery in her flat in Glasgow. The occupier

of the flat below, the maid, and a girl who was passing as he ran out of the close, saw the murderer. Indeed, when the neighbour and the maid went up and found the door open he coolly strolled past them until he reached the head of the stairs, down which he then went "like greased lightning." A simple matter for the Glasgow City Police, you would say. Just find a man who can be identified by these three and you have found the murderer. The Glasgow City Police thought they were on to a good thing when they picked up a German-Jew of questionable antecedents known (among other aliases) as Oscar Slater. For he appeared to answer to the description of the eye-witnesses, and also appeared to have pawned a brooch similar to one which Miss Gilchrist had owned and which was missing. Moreover, he had left for New York very shortly after the murder, having taken, so it seemed, highly suspicious steps to cover his tracks. The Glasgow police—initially—were quite genuinely certain they had got their man. Slater was detained in New York, the witnesses, who were taken over, more or less identified him, and Slater, at his own request, returned to Scotland to stand his trial. He was convicted by a majority of the jury and after procedure which would not have been allowed in an English court of law. Some element of doubt, however, seems even at this early stage to have crept into the minds of the authorities, for Slater was reprieved and sent for life to break stones at Peterhead Prison. There he remained, vehemently protesting his innocence, for close on twenty years. Meanwhile, his case had roused the interest of a number of diverse people, of whom the most important for Slater was the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who threw the detective skill of the creator of Sherlock Holmes and the warm-hearted enthusiasm of a lifelong champion of the oppressed into the cause of getting Slater a fresh trial and his release. The story of how Sir Arthur, and Slater's other champions, gradually pieced the evidence of Slater's innocence together and fought on past the obstinacy of the politicians and the obstruction of the Glasgow police (who emerge poorly, to say the least, from the whole affair) is most admirably told by Mr. Hunt. Slater was by no means a pleasant person (his treatment of Conan Doyle after his release is a fine piece of curmudgeonly, black-hearted ingratitude), but he was innocent, and the fact that even after a lapse of so long a time his innocence was accepted and some reparation made, will delight those who value the traditions of British justice. Or was he innocent? There are many who still believe he did the crime and that at best the case against him was "not proven." Mr. Hunt believes him innocent, and so, after reading his book, do I. I wish, however, that the law of libel and the fact that there are some actors in the tragedy still alive had not caused him to end his book with the tantalising words: "I believe that the man who murdered Miss Gilchrist was—but that is another story."

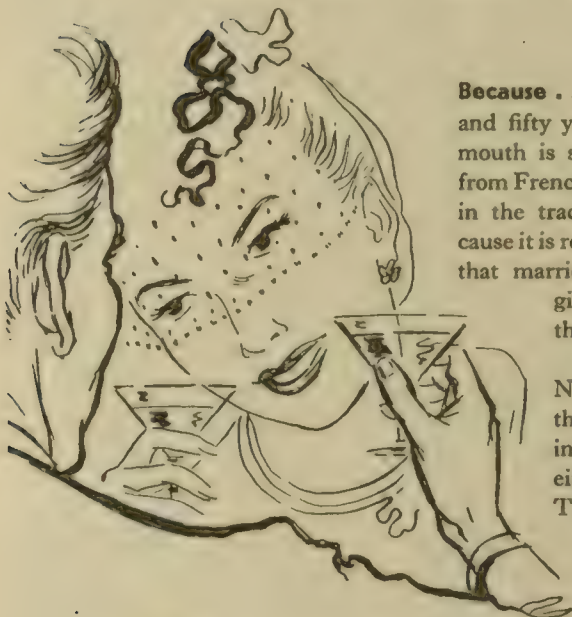
In the same week as Oscar Slater's arrest in 1909 the first issue of *Flight* contained a picture of Mr. Moore-Brabazon flying a Voisin at Issy. Mr. Moore-Brabazon is now Lord Brabazon of Tara, a respected elder statesman of industry, with only the name of the world's greatest landplane and his No. 1 Aviator's certificate to remind him of the days when all the world of flying was young and the first aero show had just been held in Paris. At a time when there is an agitation (and how proper it is!) for a memorial to Alcock and Brown, it is good to read of these and other feats achieved by British courage and skill in the air. The book in which to read of them is "Fifty Years Fly-Past," by Geoffrey Dorman (Forbes Robertson; 15s.). This, the best factual account of what Britain has done in the air in the past half-century, will awaken many memories. How long ago it seems since Sir Alan Cobham was landing his seaplane on the Thames after his great flight to Australia or a typist called Amy Johnson was shyly thanking the great of the aeronautical world, assembled in her honour, in a strong Hull accent!

The story is told that at the Jubilee Fleet Review the guns of the Fleet were firing at a "Queen Bee" robot aircraft. It flew on unscathed through a cloud

SAY

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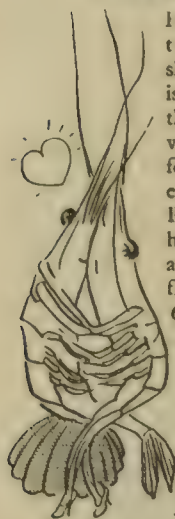
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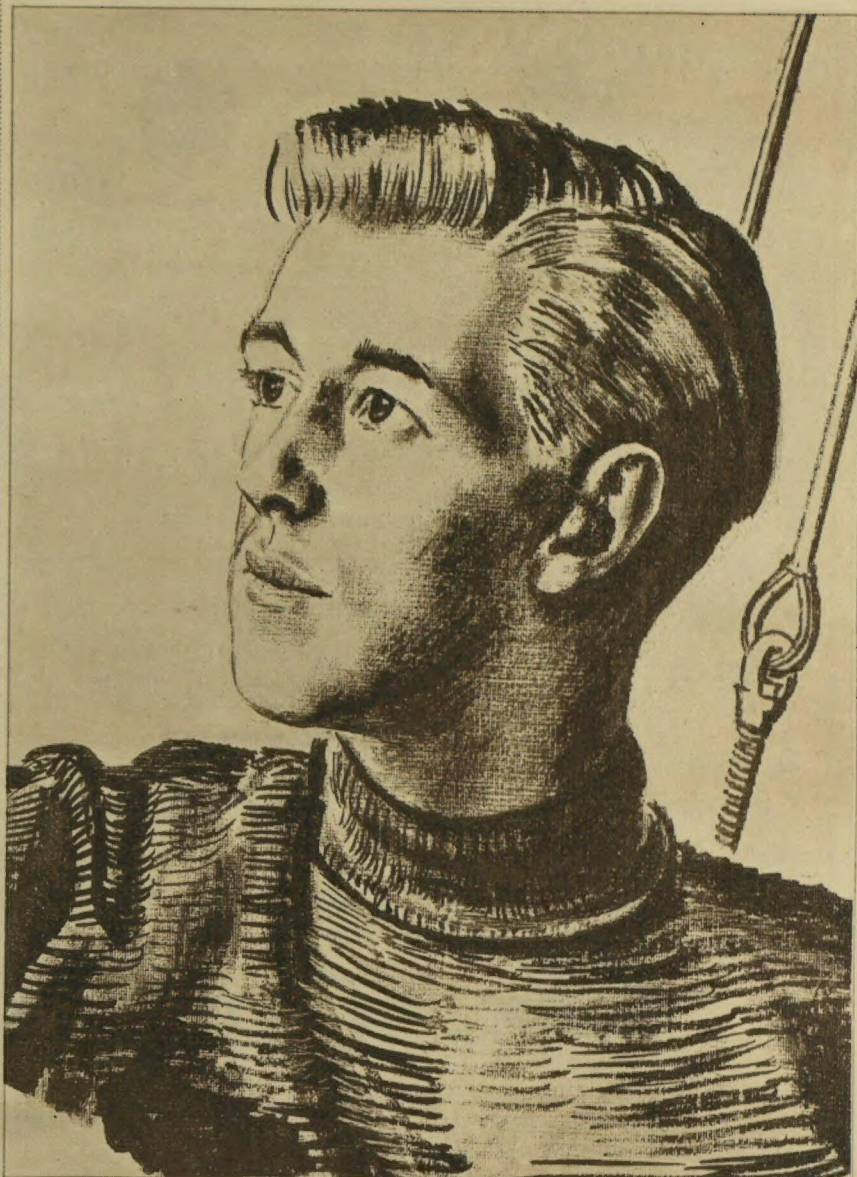
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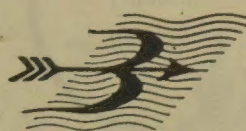
Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

A.B. in a paper boat

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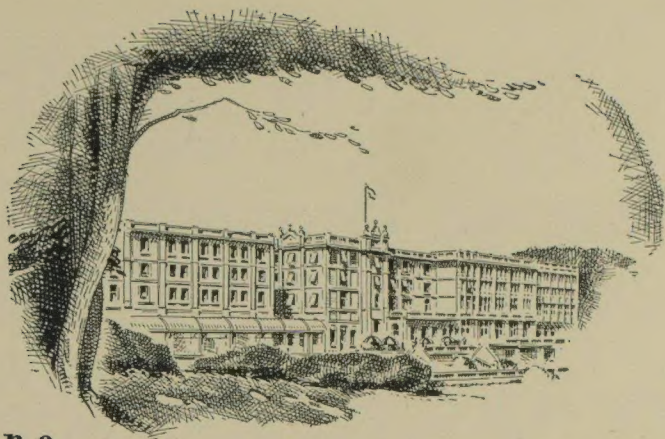
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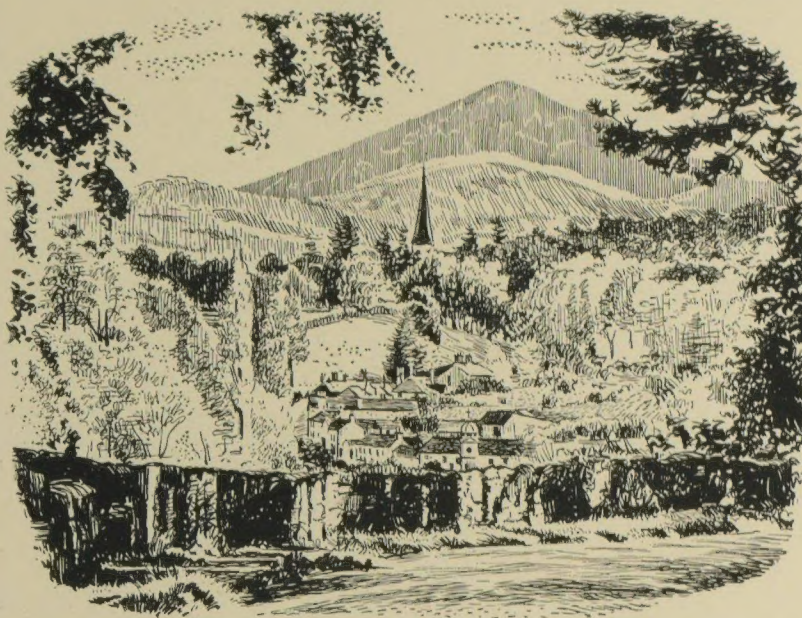
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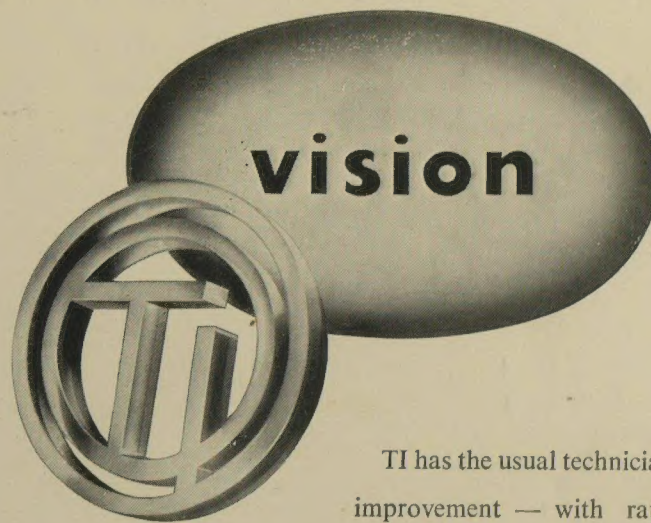
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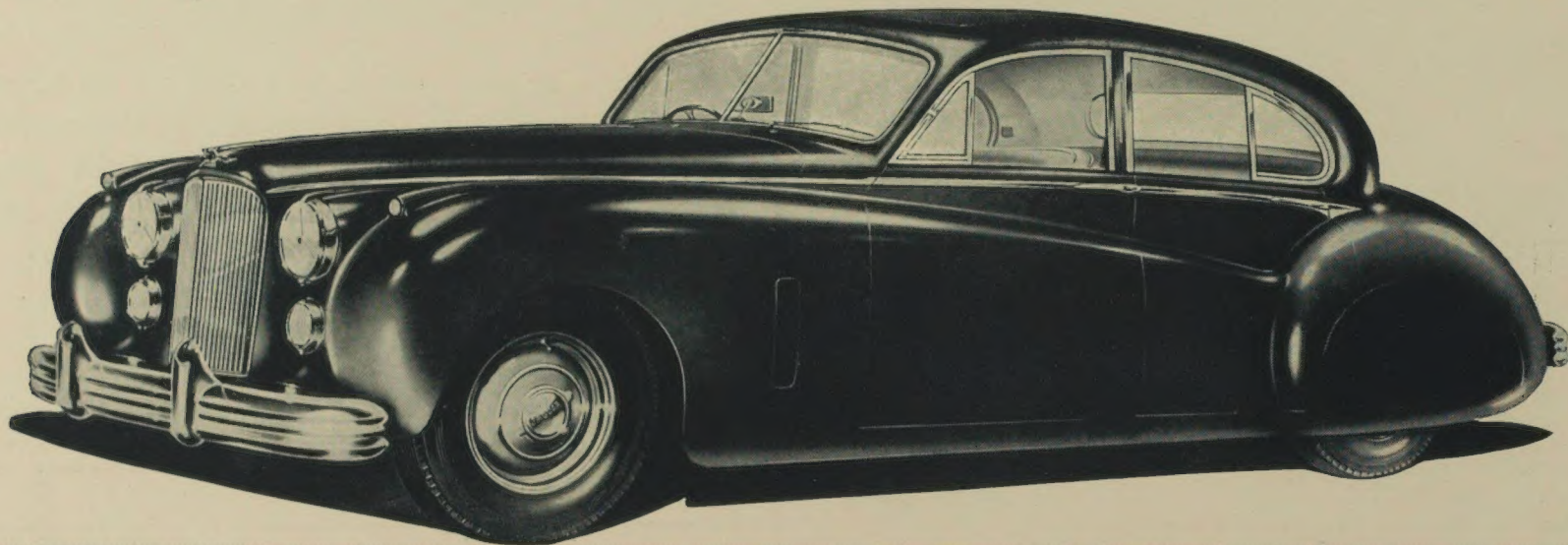
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